

OCTOBER 29, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 622.—Vol. XXIV.

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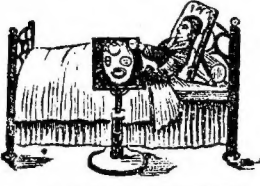
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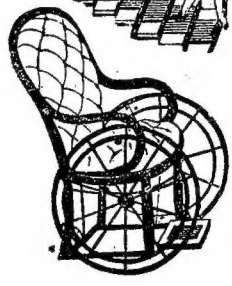
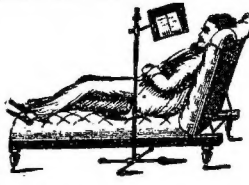
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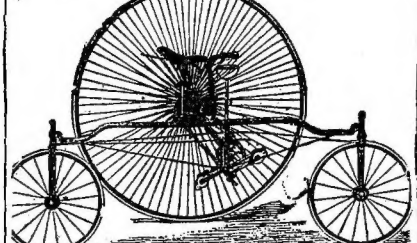
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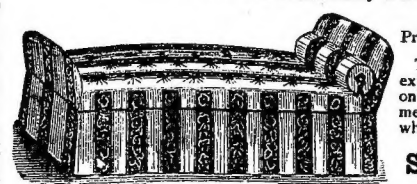
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THE GRAPHIC

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NO. 622.—VOL. XXIV.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881

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IN "ALEXANDRA ROAD"—THE PRINCESS OF WALES TALKING TO THE WELSH GIRLS



AT THE NEW DOCK—THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE SLUICE
THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWANSEA

Topics of the Week

IRELAND UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM.—Coercion is an ugly and misleading word. It seems to signify a general crushing down and restraining of the whole mass of the people. It really means the chaining up of a comparatively small but turbulent minority who kept all their neighbours in terror. In France, before the 9th of Thermidor, a knot of Jacobins ruled supreme, and every man's head was at their mercy. After Thermidor had cleared away the Jacobins, people ventured to breathe again. We moderns are milder in our methods, and Kilmainham serves in lieu of "the national razor." Now that Coercion has ceased to be a sham, and has become a reality, the condition of Ireland, although outrages are still too plentiful, has certainly changed for the better. It is not merely that the evil-disposed have been put to silence, but that numbers of peaceable people, hitherto cowed by the Terror, have ventured to lift up their heads. We must not imagine that the vigorous action of the Government has been approved only by the richer classes. There is many a small farmer and peasant who has suffered from the Land League agitation. It is these men, rather than the rich, who have been beaten and "carded," whose houses have been attacked, and whose cattle have been houghed. Hence it might be hoped that the vigorous assertion of the law, coupled with the advantages conferred by the Land Act, would usher in a period of comparative contentment and tranquillity. And such it may be believed would be the case if there were no Irish except in Ireland. Unfortunately, however, there are the American-Irish, some of whom are always striving to stir up strife. Their hatred to England is considerably greater than their love for Ireland, for in pursuit of the phantom "Independence" they would plunge her into an ocean of blood. Their alleged plot to murder our Cabinet Ministers may be mere vapouring, still the mere rumour of such atrocities is disquieting enough, and it is also disquieting to remember that the belief of such schemes being in contemplation tends to replenish the Fenian coffers. The Irish-American servant-girl, taken altogether, is probably no worse than other servant-girls, yet it seems she will subscribe her hard-earned dollars the more eagerly to some Fenian fund if she thinks it will be spent in buying dynamite which will send Mr. Bright flying through space, and as he flies earnestly recanting his axiom that "force is no remedy." Such a young woman as this may have her good points, but she is decidedly a sanguinary servant-girl, and when we multiply her by the hundred thousand she becomes a political portent.

CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL FOREIGN POLICY.—Sir William Harcourt administered a solemn reproof to Lord Salisbury for the manner in which he ventures to talk about political opponents. There is a general impression that Sir William Harcourt himself is not exactly a model of urbanity, and he might do well to apply to himself Lord Beaconsfield's well-known admonition, which he cited against Lord Salisbury, that "impertinence is not wit, and that insolence is not invective." However, the public are chiefly concerned with the substance of the Home Secretary's speech; and this was, perhaps, hardly equal to an occasion for which so many elaborate preparations had been made. The foreign policy of the late Government is, no doubt, a subject of great importance; but Sir William Harcourt's "epigrams" about it are now a little stale, and his audience were probably rather surprised to find that it was to be the principal theme of discourse. His chief "point" was that he and his friends had encouraged struggling freedom, while their opponents had persistently upheld despotism. This has often been said, but surely the pretension rests on a very slight foundation. The most serious supporters of Lord Beaconsfield's policy always contended that one of the objects at which they aimed was to secure the establishment of civilised institutions in South-Eastern Europe. They argued, however, that this end could not be attained if Russia, one of the most despotic Powers in the world, were allowed, either directly or indirectly, to dominate these regions. They may have been mistaken in this view; they may even have erred in supposing that the Russian Government wished to extend its authority over the Slavonic nationalities. But surely they have a right to ask that the upholders of Mr. Gladstone's policy shall not attribute to them intentions and motives which are precisely the opposite of those they have invariably professed. Sir William Harcourt was not more happy in his treatment of the policy of the present Government in the Transvaal. It is easy to make out a good case for having granted peace to the Boers, even after they had beaten our troops; but the difficulty is to account for the fact that the Government, recognising the justice of their claims, made war upon them at all. Why did not Mr. Gladstone concede independence to the Transvaal when its demand was urged in a peaceful and constitutional way? It may suit Sir William Harcourt, addressing a party meeting, to ignore this question; but there are many sincere Liberals, as well as Conservatives, who would be well pleased to have it satisfactorily answered.

CABINET MINISTERS ON IRELAND.—Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt have made a couple of clever unscrupulous speeches, admirably adapted to their sympathising audiences, and proving, to the entire satisfaction of

those who believe that Mr. Gladstone is always right, that the Government fired their coercive volley into Mr. Parnell and his followers just at the proper moment, not a minute too soon or a minute too late. According to Mr. Chamberlain, there was a time, not so very long ago, when the Land League was a most respectable Association, as harmless as a Christmas Goose Club. To its exertions, he says, the Land Act is distinctly due. The Leaguers will take care not to forget this compliment, which may be of service to them on some future occasion. But it is sad to learn that the Land League, which began so nicely, failed, like some of the wicked Roman Emperors, to fulfil the promises of its youth. It began to inculcate hatred of England, and "when it undertook to supersede private judgment, and to impose its dictates by force and terrorism and intimidation, then it became a tyranny as obnoxious to Liberals and Liberalism as any other form of despotism." We should like to ask Captain Boycott or Mr. Bence Jones, or any of the multitude of victims whose lives and property have been in jeopardy for fifteen months past, if they can appreciate Mr. Chamberlain's delicate chronological distinction. In actual fact, what the Land League was when it was officially suppressed the other day, it has always been. From the first, there was a Fenian face hidden under the League mask, and though it did not openly advocate violence, yet, wherever it seated itself, lawlessness and outrage followed. Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain know all this just as well as we do, they know that the Cabinet to which they belong has blundered egregiously in its Irish policy, but they dare not say so (political parties never confess that they have done wrong); and the country is prepared even now to condone their misdeeds, not because of their so-called explanations, which appear feeble and laboured by the side of Mr. Plunket's statesmanlike exposition of Irish difficulties, but because, at last, they appear to have returned to the ways of common sense.

M. GAMBETTA.—The opening of the new Chamber will mark the present week as one of the most memorable in recent French history. The immediate course of events nobody can foretell; but it seems to be universally admitted that within a brief period the existing Ministry will make way for a new Government headed by M. Gambetta. Most people are of opinion that he ought to have been Prime Minister long ago, since it can be neither for his own good nor for the good of the country that he should be possessed of vague powers, for the exercise of which he is practically irresponsible. On the whole, he must be disappointed with the conditions amid which he is compelled to take office. In Tunis France is engaged in a wretched enterprise, in which she can obtain neither glory nor solid profit; and already it has distinctly lowered her military prestige in the eyes of the world. M. Gambetta himself does not at all hold the position he seemed to have secured at the time of his famous visit to Cahors. He has been defeated on a question in regard to which he was most anxious to secure victory, and Belleville has given decisive proof that he no longer enjoys the undisputed confidence of the classes which first raised him to power. We see no reason to suppose, however, that he will soon be confronted by insurmountable obstacles. After all, M. Gambetta is still the most popular man in France; and who, amongst living French statesmen, approaches him in brilliant oratory, in ready tact, and in the power of rapid organisation? It was chiefly owing to his influence that the Republic emerged from the contests and intrigues of the period which succeeded the Franco-German War; and he is not likely to find more formidable opponents now than he successfully faced then. M. Clemenceau is master of only a small minority; and M. Ferry (assuming that he does not enter the new Cabinet) will not, probably, be a very considerable power in Parliament for some time to come. M. Gambetta may disappoint some ardent hopes, for there are not many urgent reforms needed in France; but there are indications that his Premiership will make up in solid services for what it lacks in show and "brilliance."

THE PANAMA CANAL QUESTION.—Brother Jonathan was exceedingly polite at the Yorktown Centenary, in ordering that the British flag should be saluted. But he draws a very distinct line of demarcation between sentiment and business. Paying a compliment to the British flag where it symbolises no authority is one thing; allowing the British flag to float where it is significant of any power is quite another thing. Hence with regard to the Panama Canal enterprise Mr. Secretary Blaine had, as long ago as last June, addressed a Note to the European Powers generally (but with an especial eye to England) saying, as Mr. Gladstone said to Austria, "Hands off!" Mr. Blaine is quite happy that the Canal should be made by the skill, enterprise, and money of Europeans, but he will not suffer it to be controlled by the nations of Europe, jointly or severally. This determination would, of course, be natural enough if the territory through which the Canal is to be cut belonged to the United States, that is, the Republic usually called the United States. But it belongs to quite another United States, the United States of Colombia. In 1846 the big and the little United States jointly agreed to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus. Colombia would now like to modify the agreement, and admit the European Powers to a share in the guarantee, but her gigantic Republican sister is resolved to hold her to her original bargain, and will suffer no one else to interfere. There is nothing new in all this. It is

the Monroe Doctrine put into a practical shape, and this doctrine means "America for the Americans." As, with the exception of Canada, over which England still retains a feeble hold, European Governments have been dispossessed of the American Continents, North and South, the Monroe Doctrine is in a flourishing condition. After all, the matter is of little real importance. If the Canal is made, the nation with most ships will use it most; and should we ever have the ill-luck again to be involved in war with our brother across the Atlantic, the Canal would fall into the hands of those who were best able to hold it, treaties or no treaties notwithstanding.

THE VOLKSRAAD AND THE CONVENTION.—The tidings that the Volksraad had ratified the Convention with the British Government were received in this country with a general feeling of relief. From every point of view it would have been unfortunate if we had been compelled to renew the miserable little war which brought us so little honour. We cannot even yet, however, be very sanguine that our difficulties are at an end. The Volksraad has agreed to the ratification on the express understanding that "the British Government will modify the terms of the settlement if in its working it should be found impracticable." At first sight this seems fair and reasonable, but everything depends on the sense in which the words are understood in the Transvaal. There is no inclination in England to humiliate the Boers, and in regard to all minor points of difference public opinion would support the Government in a generous policy. But on the vital question of the relation between the native population and the Republic there can be no room for controversy. On that subject Englishmen of all classes and parties are agreed; and a Liberal Ministry may be trusted to be rather ahead of than behind the general sentiment about a matter involving the happiness of so many thousands of human beings who need our aid. Unfortunately, there is reason to fear that the terms relating to the natives are precisely those which the Boers wish to be modified; and they probably count on being able to set aside our conditions when the question is less prominently before the world. The duty of the Government, therefore, plainly is to take such precautions as shall ensure, on the part of the Transvaal authorities, the exact and honourable fulfilment of their engagements. The British Resident must be a man of vigour and promptitude; and he ought to be in a position to say that in the last resort England will not hesitate to enforce compliance with the Convention. She would be unworthy of her position in the world if she shrank from so clear an obligation; and the Boers, we may hope, will soon be convinced that she would do her duty, whatever party might happen to be in power.

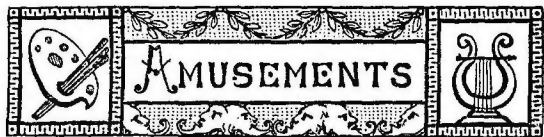
THE PROPOSED ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.—In many respects we are a slow-moving people. We do not rush hastily after novelties. The simple fact, of course, is that numerous novelties, though loudly praised by their inventors, turn out to be accompanied by disadvantages which render them practically useless. As far as the general public are concerned, the electric light has not yet entirely emerged from the sceptical stage. Few of us are eager to buy gas shares; yet few of us, on the other hand, are prepared to take to our domestic arms Mr. Brush, Mr. Swan, or Mr. Edison, in place of our old flame, Carburetted Hydrogen. Now, the Paris Exhibition has been a decided success, not merely as regards "gate-money," but as having afforded to visitors some practical acquaintance with the different kinds of lights, and the methods by which they are produced. Everybody is not so fortunate as the Prince and Princess of Wales, who can afford to run over to Paris just to see the Electrical Exhibition, and therefore it is well that we are likely to have an Exhibition of our own at the Crystal Palace. The out-door exhibition which has for some time past been made in some of our streets, railway stations, and bridges is not altogether satisfying. We want to see the effect in a smaller area, more approaching in size to a domestic chamber; and we want to see the gas put out. The presence of the gas seems to say to the public, "This new illumination is very pretty and very brilliant, but it can't be depended upon, so we are obliged to keep the poor old gas flaring in case of need." If the new light can be prevented from flickering, and can be so introduced into private houses that any ordinary person can manage it, it will, independent of its whiteness and brilliancy, possess a great advantage over gas in its freedom from heat and noxious vapours.

KING HUMBERT IN VIENNA.—The visit of the King of Italy to Vienna naturally recalls the time—which, to middle-aged men, does not seem so very far-off—when the name of Austria was detested by every true Italian. There are still, of course, Italian fanatics who retain the old feelings towards their former oppressor; but the majority of the nation seem to be heartily glad that the King finds it possible to offer the Emperor Francis Joseph so decided a testimony of good will. The Austrians, on their side, are equally cordial; and, fortunately, the Viennese, one of the brightest and most good-humoured populations in Europe, know well how to give expression to any sentiment which happens to prevail throughout the Empire. According to some Continental authorities, the visit must be regarded as a sign of impending changes of vast importance. Austria, we are told, is about to advance far into the Turkish Empire in Europe; Russia is to seize Armenia; and Italy is to be compensated by some portion of her "unredeemed" territory. There does not

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seem to be the slightest foundation for these surmises; but it does not follow that no serious political significance should be attached to King Humbert's presence in the Austrian capital. Italy has been deeply offended by the action of France in Tunis; and she professes to be disappointed that her rights have not been energetically defended by England. She would, therefore, gladly be admitted into the Austro-German alliance; and the King's visit is undoubtedly an indication that this will henceforth be one of the principal objects of her foreign policy,—if, indeed, a distinct understanding does not already exist between the Cabinets of Berlin, Rome, and Vienna. The French have good reason to regret what is now taking place in the view of all Europe; but they have themselves to blame, for the Italians would have naturally preferred an alliance with France. Belief in the trustworthiness of the French Republic has been rudely shaken by the ill-considered proceedings of M. St. Hilaire and his colleagues.

STORM WARNINGS.—In the temperate zones all weather disturbances originate to westward. Even those easterly storms which beat with such terrible effect on our eastern coasts are really portions of a cyclone which has come from across the Atlantic. This is the reason why the Americans, and not the nations of the European Continent, send us weather predictions; and this is also the reason why the Americans (of the Atlantic seaboard especially) are better furnished than we are with weather forecasts, because they have to their westward a vast region—more than 2,000 miles across—studded with meteorological stations, while we have only the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Wragge, the indefatigable gentleman who never, or hardly ever, misses a daily climb up Ben Nevis for the sake of taking the record of the instruments placed on the summit, recommends that we should have a weather observatory moored out in the Atlantic, 500 miles from Ireland. Why not buy the *Great Eastern* for the purpose? She could now be got cheap, and she could also be utilised as a floating House of Detention. Then the Land League captives of Kilmainham might be transferred thither. The sea-sickness would purge away their political biliousness, and render them loyal and excellent citizens. Seriously, if the idea of a mid-Atlantic station is feasible, the expense should not deter a rich nation like ours. It would be worth its cost if it only prevented one big wreck a year. Mr. Wragge's other suggestions—namely, that, especially for meteorological purposes, underground telegraph wires should be substituted for the "polar" system, and that there should be a dwelling-house on the top of Ben Nevis—are so obviously advisable that they should be carried into effect without delay.



MR. WALTER BACHE'S Pianoforte Recital, St. James's Hall, Eleventh Season, **TUESDAY**, November 1st, at half-past Three O'clock precisely. Beethoven's Sonata in B-flat, Op. 106. Liszt's Mephisto Waltzes, Aus Oiseau, Legendre's Prélude, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street, and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

SEVENTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' FRESH PROGRAMME, Introduced for the first time on the occasion of the inauguration of their Seventeenth Year at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, September 19th, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. **MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS**, 2 and 8. See *The Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, and *Morning Advertiser* for Tuesday, September 20th, on the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 a.m.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Last week but one of the programme, **CHERRY TREE FARM, YE FANCIE FAIRE, 1881, and ALL AT SEA**. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at eight. Thursday and Saturday at three. Admission, 1s. 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Monday, Nov. 14, entire change of programme. Particulars will be duly announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessees, Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, who have let the Theatre to Mrs. SCOTT SIDGONS, for the Autumn Season. EVERY EVENING at 8.15, a New Poetical and Historical Play, entitled **QUEEN and CARDINAL**. Box Office Now Open. No Fees. Manager, Mr. James Macmahon.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and **"THE ASCENSION,"** with **"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM,"** **"CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM,"** and all his other great pictures at the **DORÉ GALLERY**, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at **THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY**, 7, Haymarket, next door to the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.55 a.m. every Weekday.

GRAND AQUARIUM and PAVILION. Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon. For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

NEW ROUTE TO WEST BRIGHTON. By the Direct Line Preston Park to Cliftonville. A Morning Up and Evening Down Fast Train. Every Weekday between London Bridge and West Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Weeknight, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 38s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. **SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.** Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Weeknight from Victoria and London Bridge as above. **HONFLEUR, TROUVILLE, CAEN, &c.**—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, V." from the Picture by J. J. Tissot, exhibited in "The Graphic Gallery."



THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWANSEA

THE gale of the 13th and 14th inst. played sad havoc with the preparations which had been made at Swansea in anticipation of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Venetian masts were blown down, triumphal arches wholly or partially demolished, and in the grounds at Singleton Abbey a number of large trees were uprooted, whilst a large marquee in which a grand ball was to have been given by the Mayor was completely wrecked, and the entertainment had to be transferred to the Music Hall. The utmost efforts were however made to repair the damage done to the decorations, and on the eventful day the whole route traversed by the Royal party was gaily decked with bunting, evergreens, and flowers, the leek as the national emblem being very prominently employed, and mottoes and legends of loyalty and welcome, in Welsh and in English, being displayed at frequent intervals. The weather was faultless, and the programme of the day was gone through without a single hitch. Starting from Singleton Abbey the Prince and Princess passed first through a group of some 10,000 Sunday School children and 6,000 of the workpeople of Messrs. Vivian and Sons, who had assembled in the grounds. The next point of interest was the Pavilion, which had been erected at the civic boundary, and where their Royal Highnesses alighted to receive the Corporation address, which the Prince responded to in suitable terms. The procession, joined by the Mayor and Corporation, then moved onwards through the streets of the town, which were crowded with delighted spectators, the line of route being kept by 5,000 Volunteers and 10,000 members of Friendly Societies. The next halt was made near the Great Western Railway Station, where a Masonic Pavilion had been erected on one side of the road, whilst on the other was a grand stand, occupied by the Swansea Choral Society, 2,000 strong, supplemented by some 200 youthful chorists in Welsh costume, who sang a spirited song of welcome to the tune of "The Men of Harlech," specially written by Mr. J. C. Manning, and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the composer, Mr. Brinley Richards, a native of Caermarthen, being present, and receiving a kindly recognition from the Prince and Princess. The quaint attire of the youthful singers in the front row attracted the attention of the Prince and Princess, and two of these simple country girls were called up to the side of the carriage by the desire of Her Royal Highness, who complimented them on the picturesque character of their national costume. The Freemasons' address (magnificently illuminated and bound in the form of an album) was then presented by Sir G. Elliot, the Provincial Grand Master. The Prince replied, and the Princess named the new road "Alexandra Road" by pulling a cord which unfurled a flag bearing those words. After some more singing by the Choral Society the procession again moved forward to the harbour, where the Royal party embarked on board the steam-yacht *Lynx*, and after a short cruise in the bay landed at the new works, where they were received by Mr. Yeo, Chairman of the Harbour Trust, who presented another address; and where another musical welcome was given by a choir of 2,000 voices, a notable feature of which was the "Hail! Prince of Wales," composed by Dr. Parry. The Prince and Princess and the rest of the party then descended by a zigzag staging, and walked through the dock between lines of Royal Naval Volunteers, and inspected the gates and machinery, after which they mounted to the bridge, where the Prince opened the sluice by pulling a lever, and the Princess cut a ribbon to which a bottle of champagne was suspended, at the same time naming the new dock "Prince of Wales Dock."

The morning's work being thus finished, the Prince and Princess and a large company of guests sat down to luncheon in a handsomely decorated pavilion of corrugated iron. Mr. Yeo presided, and the Prince of Wales, in response to the toast of his health, made a good-humoured allusion to Professor Goldwin Smith's recently published statement that the members of the Royal Family do not always do what they might to help forward the great works of the country; and congratulated the town on the rapid advances which it had made in commercial prosperity during the past thirty years. The Royal party after luncheon returned by steamer to the Town Hall, where, after witnessing the march past of the Volunteers, they drove back to Singleton by a different route, and in the evening they attended the ball given by the Mayor in the Music Hall. The whole town was illuminated, bonfires were lit upon the surrounding hills, there was a display of fireworks, and, by the express desire of the Mayor, the theatre remained open until 6 A.M., a special series of performances commencing at midnight. The streets were alive with spectators, it being estimated that the usual population of the town (100,000) was at least doubled by the influx of visitors from all parts of the Principality. To the honour of Welshmen be it said there was only one case of drunkenness at the Police Court the next morning.

Most of our engravings need no special description. Of the presentations to their Royal Highnesses, we may, however, say that all are most elaborate specimens of goldsmiths' work combined with precious stones, one of the pendants of the châteline being a pair of scissors with which the Princess severed the silken cord when christening the dock, whilst the hunting-horn formed the temporary handle of the lever with which the Prince opened the sluice. The triumphal arch in Castle Bailey Street was a representation of the ancient Castle of Swansea, as shown on the borough arms, and was decorated with flags and spears. The "Tin Arch" which was blown down and smashed during the storm, and subsequently re-erected, represented one of the staple industries of the town, and consisted of a variety of devices worked out in bright tin on blue enamelled tin, with crimson drapery, flags, and gilt spear-heads. The "Wool Arch," erected by Messrs. Parry and Locke, woolstaplers, entirely at their own cost, was composed entirely of raw wool and yarn, weighing over six tons, the value being about 1,000l. The sides consisted of bales of compressed wool, bound with gilded bands of iron, the other decorations were all of different various coloured yarns and raw wool, interspersed with a few evergreens, and upon the roof sat two women, in Welsh costume, busily engaged in knitting.

Prior to the departure of their Royal Highnesses from Singleton Abbey on the morning of the 19th inst., they acceded to Mr. H. Hussey Vivian's request that they would plant two trees as a memento of their visit. The spot selected commands a fine view of Swansea Bay, with the bold headland of The Mumbles and its islands crowned with a lighthouse and battery in the distance. The trees chosen were a scarlet-leaved oak, the most sturdy, vigorous, and long-lived, as well as the most thoroughly English of our forest trees, to be planted by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; while the tree selected for Her Royal Highness was a fine young lime, as typical of all that is sweetest and most elegant. Her Royal Highness was requested to place her hand on the tree while the earth was being filled in around it; but, instead of being content with so passive a part, she seized a heavy garden spade, and shovelled in the earth with skill and vigour, laughing heartily the while, and then handing the spade to the Prince, who also did his work well.—Our engraving

is from a photograph taken immediately afterwards by H. A. Chaplin, 235, High-street, Swansea; the other engravings are all from sketches by Mr. T. H. Thomas, 45, The Walk, Cardiff.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND

OPENING OF THE LAND COMMISSION COURT

IT is a noticeable and by no means unhappy coincidence that on the same day when the Land League was proclaimed as "illegal and criminal" the Land Commissioners began their active work, which it is to be hoped will have a pacificatory effect upon the country. The Court was held at Mornington House, 24, Merrion Street, which is one of the mansions which claim to have been the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. The apartment was so crowded with barristers and solicitors that there was little room for the public, but amongst those present were Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and the wife, son, and daughters of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Justice O'Hagan, the Chief Commissioner, wearing his coif and robes, with the Assistant Commissioners, Mr. Litton, Q.C., in barrister's wig and gown, and Mr. Vernon, D.L., in ordinary dress, took their seats at noon. The preliminary salutations between them were exchanged with becoming dignity, and Judge O'Hagan, bending over his desk, whispered a few words to the Registrar, Mr. Smith, who immediately rose, and in a rich brogue gave utterance to the first official words, "I declare the Court of the Land League—I mean the Court of the Land Commission—now opened." This unfortunate blunder elicited a peal of laughter, in which even the Bench could not help joining, and it was some moments before those present could settle themselves down to listen to Lord O'Hagan's opening address, in which he explained, and commented upon the Act, declared it to be the intention of the Commissioners to make the procedure as simple and inexpensive as possible, and announced that the "first sitting" of the Court would not mean the "first day," but extend from that date to the 29th inst. inclusive, so that every possible opportunity would be given for applications to be made by intending suitors. The functions of the Court (he continued) would be that of an umpire in respect to any dispute between landlord and tenant, and he concluded by observing that the Act meant good and great good to the people of Ireland, and that the Commissioners, conscious of their own resolution to administer it in a spirit of justice to all classes who came within its scope, and so as to make its benefits as wide and as accessible as possible, would leave the result to Providence. The address evoked a round of applause, and the Court then settled down to the routine work of the day, which consisted merely in going through the list, it being found that in no single case were the parties concerned prepared with the proof necessary to go on. The number of cases was over 400, and most of them were applications by tenants to fix fair rents. Next day (Friday) the Court sat again, and after disposing of several formal applications adjourned till Monday, granting an adjournment of all the cases entrusted to Mr. Gough, the Land League solicitor, who confessed himself greatly perplexed at the position in which he found himself in consequence of that organisation having been declared "illegal and criminal." On Wednesday about fifty of Mr. Gough's cases were brought on, some being disposed of and others adjourned. They were all applications from evicted tenants, none of whom, remarked Judge O'Hagan, should lose their rights if the Commission could help it.—Our portraits are from photographs: Judge O'Hagan and Mr. Vernon, by W. C. Mills, 4, Nassau Street, Dublin; and Mr. Litton, by James Russell and Sons, 29, Union Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.W.

M. CHARLES YRIARTE'S "FLORENCE"

We have already noticed this admirable work in a preceding number, and now publish some of the illustrations with which it is so bountifully provided. Though hardly equal in quality to the engravings in M. Yriarte's "Venice," which appeared some years since, they are nevertheless exceedingly good when compared to many similar productions on the part of English publishers, and completely illustrate the comprehensive text of the author.

Of the larger views we must give the palm to Giotto's far-famed Campanile, though the subject has evidently been treated architecturally rather than artistically; but it is manifestly in the smaller illustrations that the book excels. For instance, the well-known bronze Chimera in the Uffizi Palace, selected as a characteristic type of Etruscan Art, is admirably depicted, while the delicacy of Ghiberti's design for one of the panels of the Baptistery gates is very faithfully reproduced.

There is a curious story attached to this design. In the competition of architects for the honour of erecting these gates, Brunelleschi and Ghiberti were rivals, and both sent in the same subject—"The Sacrifice of Abraham." When, however, Brunelleschi saw Ghiberti's design, he at once withdrew in his favour, and Ghiberti was accordingly entrusted with the task. The portraits of the two Medicis shown are those of the last members of that celebrated family which for three centuries practically held Florence in subjection. Cosmo III. was a weak, vain-glorious Prince, who wished at any price to be regarded as a princely power in Europe. He had not the brains to win this by his own worth, and so attempted to buy fame and dignity with money. Thus he purchased a Royal title, and was always ready to help his princely contemporaries with a loan—of course for a consideration. In Florence he was regarded as a highly religious and austere man—highly differing from his pleasure-loving predecessors. His successor Gaston was a good-natured, feeble-minded Prince, who left most things to the care of his valet, Giuliano Dami, and could with difficulty be induced to take part in any Ministerial Councils. He died in 1737, leaving no children to succeed him.

Above these portraits is an ancient stone sarcophagus, interesting from two points of view. In the first place it contains the remains of one of the earliest members of the Medici family, Everardo di Bicci. Secondly, archeologically speaking it is somewhat curious to note how, before the Renaissance and the general era of the revival of Art, devout Christians utilised the productions of their idolatrous ancestors even for the solemn rites of sepulture, blending the most sacred symbols with representations of Pagan legends.

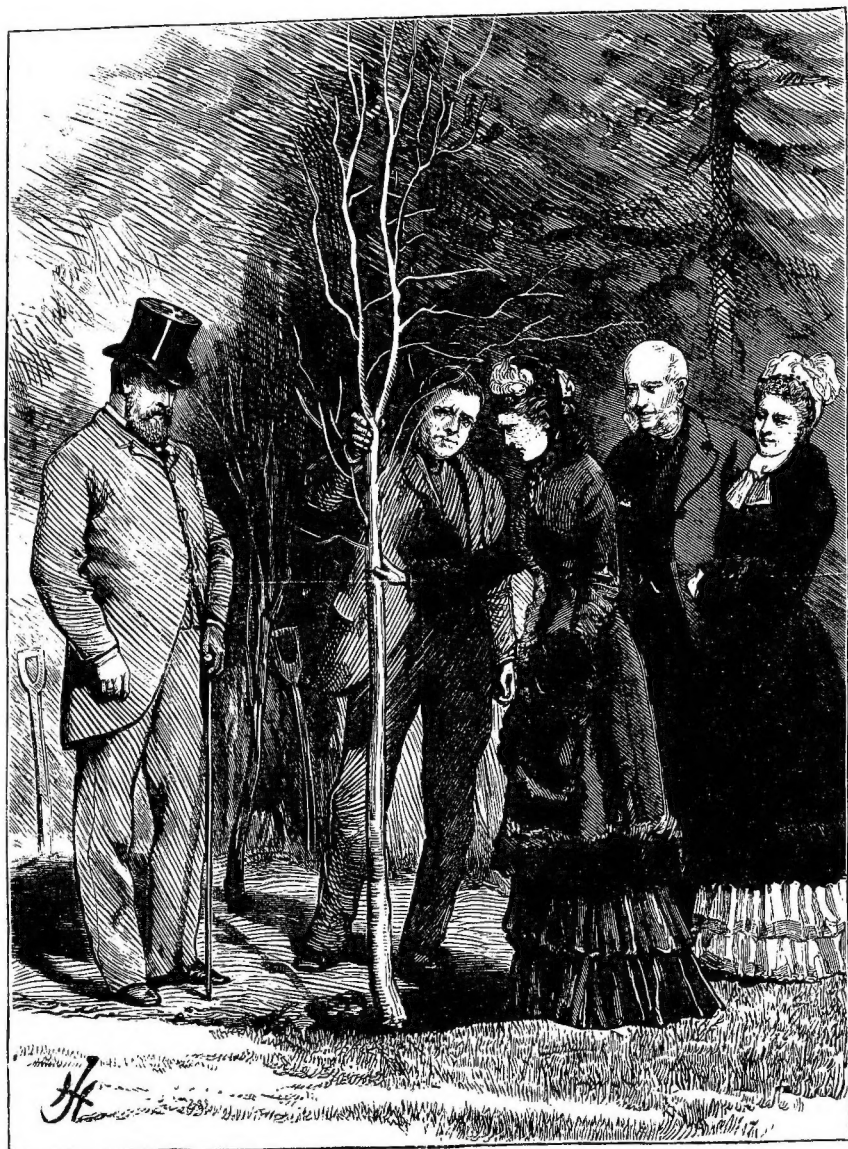
To turn to more modern times, the statue of Savonarola, by Pazzi, admirably represents the great Dominican preacher, whose denunciation of the frivolities of Florentine life brought him, like many a religious reformer before and since, to the stake. To return to the book once more we should award a meed of praise to the publisher, M. J. Rothschild, of Paris, by whom the work, as far as paper and printing goes, has been produced in the true style of an *édition de luxe*.

COAST AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SUTHERLAND

The scenery of Sutherland is attracting tourists in increasing numbers every year, not only for its bracing climate but also for the grandeur and wildness of its lochs and mountains. Lairg, the central point of Sutherland, is easily reached by rail, and from thence good roads, where roads are at all practicable, branch off to every part of the county. The hotels are comfortable, some of them even princely, such as Coulag's at Lochinver, and the charges at them are uniformly moderate.

Those who can escape from business, and desire to get far from the smoke and bustle of cities, should visit Sutherland in spring, when the sky is clear and the bogs are dry, if they wish to enjoy it to perfection. The angler prefers to go later, because in spring the rivers are too dry for successful fishing, besides that they are all late rivers on the West Coast.

The character of the scenery in Sutherland is caused by its



AT SINGLETON ABBEY—THE PRINCESS OF WALES PLANTING A LIME TREE IN
COMMEMORATION OF HER FIRST VISIT TO SWANSEA

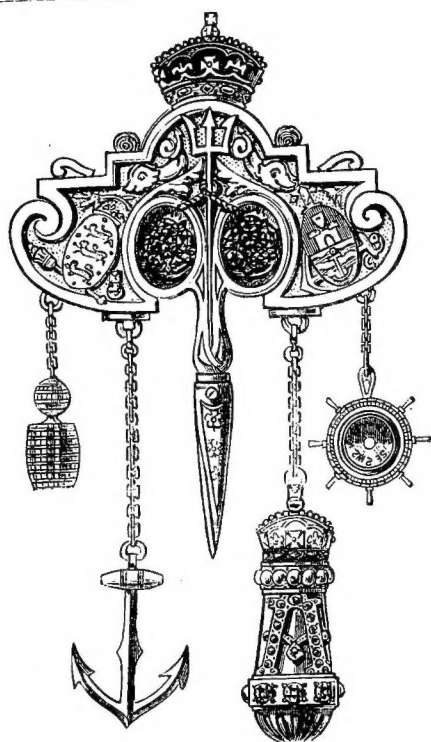


AT THE CIVIC BOUNDARY—PRESENTATION OF THE CORPORATION ADDRESS

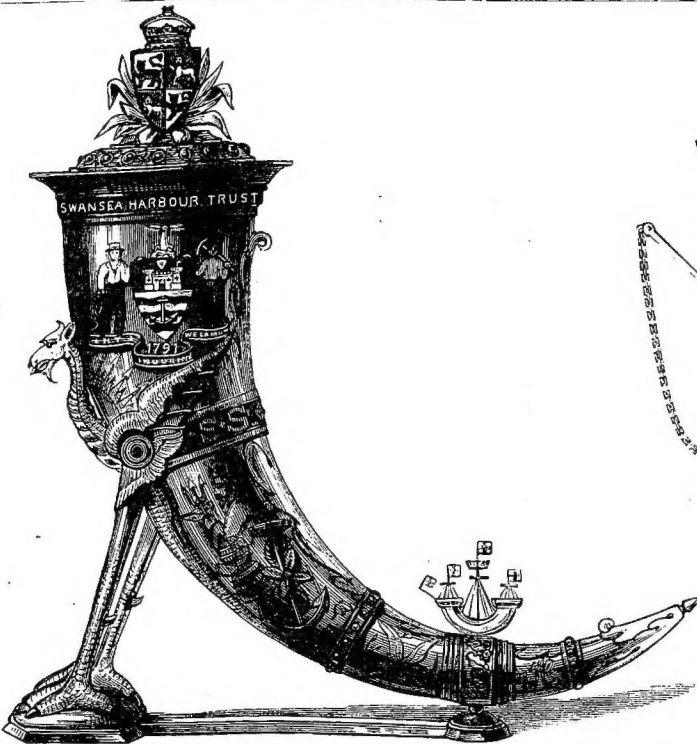


AT THE GUILDHALL PAVILION—MARCH PAST OF THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS

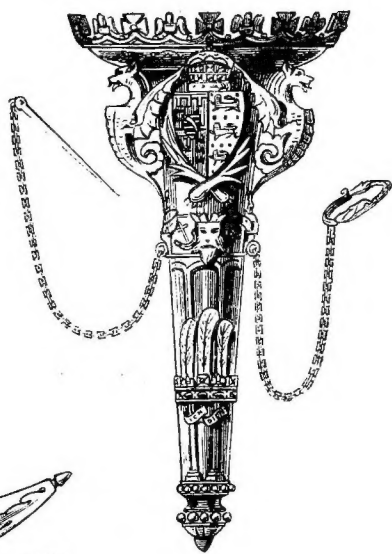
THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWANSEA



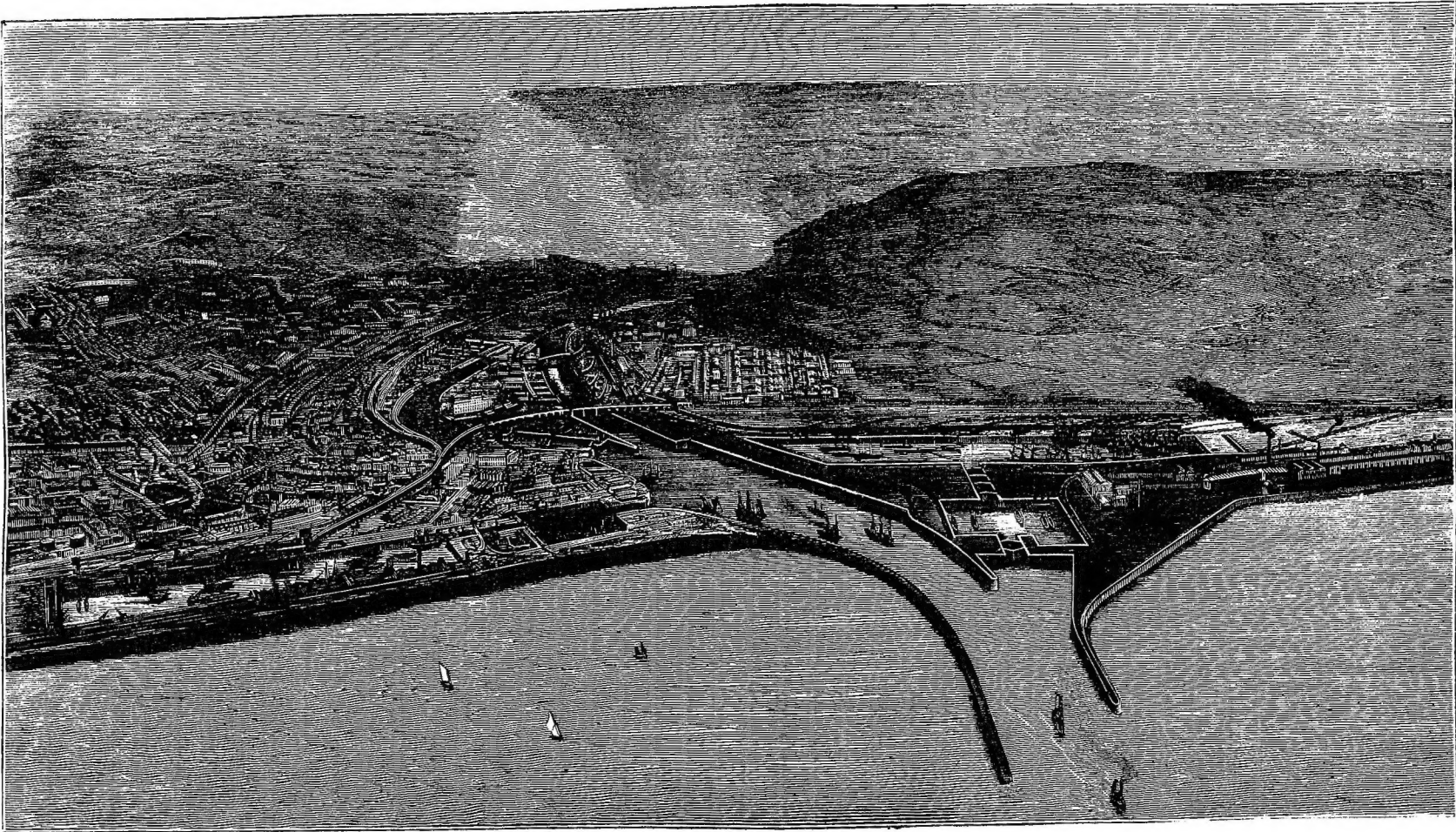
GOLD CHATELAINE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES BY THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST



HUNTING HORN PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST



GOLD BOUQUET-HOLDER PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES BY THE MAYOR OF SWANSEA



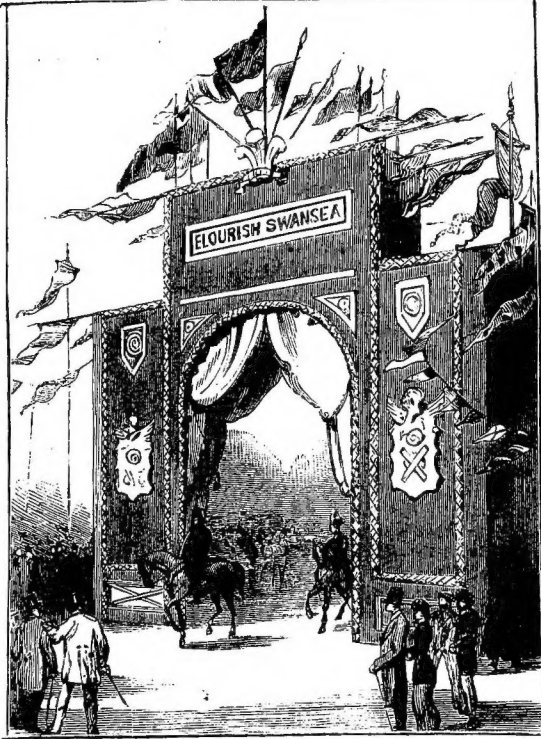
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AND NEW DOCK, FROM THE SEA



ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE OF CASTLE-BAILEY STREET



THE WOOL ARCH IN HIGH STREET



THE TIN ARCH IN MANSELL STREET

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWANSEA

peculiar geological formation, almost all the mountains being composed of what is known as Torridon sandstone with an overlying stratum of quartz. This sandstone is as hard as granite, and some of the mountains appear to be built up of great horizontal blocks like pyramids, with bald white tops, which any novice cannot fail to see is of a different substance from the lower part of the mountains.

Geologists say that it has taken millions of years to wear away the rocks and form the valleys, leaving the mountains in their present shape. Thus Professor Heddle, of St. Andrew's, calculates that to scoop out the neighbouring valleys and leave Suilven, the most peculiarly-shaped mountain in Sutherland, has taken somewhere about sixty millions of years. From a point near Aultnagallagach (the Burn of the Deceiver) this mountain appears to rise in a sharp cone, almost, if not quite, as fine as the Matterhorn; whilst from Lochinver it has more the appearance of, and is known by the name of, The Sugarloaf. The best panorama of the mountains in Assynt is to be seen from the point where our engraving of Loch Skeanaskaig is taken, near Lochinver, where, at one view, the spectator has, on the north, Quinaig, with its tremendous precipices of nearly 2,000 feet, and in succession, going round by the east, Suilven, Canisp, Ben More of Assynt, Braebag, Coulmore, Coulbeg, Stackpoll, and Ben More of Coigach,—such a panorama of wild rugged mountains, with lochs and islands between, as can be seen in no other part of the kingdom.

If the tourist goes northward from Lochinver he has to cross over an arm of the sea which branches into two lochs above Kylesku Ferry, Loch Glendhu and Loch Glencoul, and more than half way to Scourie he comes suddenly upon Badcall Bay, with its wonderful group of islands and the out-of-the-way looking church and manse of Eddrachilles, which supplies the spiritual wants of a sparsely-populated parish of some thirty miles in length.

The Island of Handa is reached by boat from Scourie, where there is a good hotel, and close by the residence of Mr. MacIver, the complainant and ever-active factor on the West Coast for the Duke of Sutherland. Handa is well worth a visit to see its grand precipices on the Atlantic side, covered in the breeding season with its tens of thousands of gulls, kittiwakes, and razorbills. The cliffs can be well seen from above, and the landing on the east side of the island is easy; but on rare days, when the wind is easterly, and little swell in the sea, a boat can be taken round the island, when the great cliffs and stacks can be seen to still greater advantage.

Scourie is also the nearest point for visiting another group of grand mountains, including Ben Stack, Arkle, Foinaven, and Ben Hee, all forming part, we believe, of the great deer forest rented by the Duke of Westminster.

North again from Scourie the tourist passes Rhiconich, well known to artists and anglers, and after crossing the long dreary desert known as the Gualin, comes at length to Durness, and again welcomes a comfortable hotel and a sight of his fellow-creatures. It is in the ruins of the old church of Durness where the tomb is which gives us a glimpse of Highland character, and the good old times which we often regret having passed away. Donald must have been a retainer of some Lord Reay, to whom this part of the country long belonged, and which still bears his name, "Lord Reay's Country." Here is the inscription on the tombstone:

DONALD, MAKMYRCHOV
HIER: LYIS. LO. VAS: IL: TO. HIS
FREIND:
VAR. TO:
HIS: FO:
TRVE: TO. HIS. MAIS.
TER. IN. VEIRD. AND VO.

[1623]

Little more than a mile from Durness is the Smoo Cave, worn out of a cliff facing the sea, the rock here being limestone. An inner cave, which is reached by a boat, extends many yards, some say miles, inland, and it has a most weird effect, caused by a small river tumbling down from an opening in the roof, which opening also lights the inner cave with a dim spectral light, which, as the showman says, "has to be seen to be appreciated."

A day can be well spent in a visit to the grand granite cliffs at Cape Wrath. To reach this the Kyle of Durness has to be crossed, but the landlord at Durness looks after all the details of the trip, and makes it easy and pleasant. The rocks at the Cape are of great height, and the outlying skerries of red granite, when covered with sea pinks and greenish-grey lichens, form a picture never to be forgotten, when coupled with the never-ceasing thunder of the Atlantic waves dashing against them, and breaking into white spray and foam.—Our engravings are from photographs by G. W. Wilson and Co., St. Swithin Street, Aberdeen.

HOOKING ON THE MAILS

"WALKING along the Great Western line," says Mr. Caffieri, of Spring Cottage, Farnham, near Slough, from whose sketch our engraving is taken, "I came upon the spot where the post bags are taken up and left by the mail train. The postman was hurriedly making up his bags when the train was signalled. Running quickly up the ladder of the gallow-like looking apparatus, he had barely fixed the second bag in position when the mail rushed up, snatching up the bags hung out, and throwing out others into the netting on the ground. The whole operation was so rapid that it was impossible to see the actual transition of the bags."

TYPE OF BEAUTY, V.

ALTHOUGH Nature, in modelling the human face divine, is lavish of variety, yet it will be observed that each artist clings more or less to a special type, which he makes his own. This has certainly been exemplified in our Gallery of Female Beauty, where the faces which to the imagination of each individual painter seemed most charming were reproduced with the utmost endeavour to obtain perfection, and yet as a kind of necessary sequence of his previous achievements in that particular department of feminine loveliness. Thus we have before seen this piquant young lady of M. Tissot's. It was down the river, between London Bridge and Greenwich, and she was seated in the bow-window of a picturesque old tavern, which window commanded a view of masts and steamer-funnels innumerable. Her native attractiveness was enhanced by her nautical surroundings of coal barges, pitch, oilskin wrappers, and, perhaps, a real live skipper of the old ante-steam school.

WRECK OF THE "IRON CROWN" OFF TYNEMOUTH

THE great gale of the 14th inst. was followed by very rough weather, and a week later, on Friday, the 21st inst., a violent storm swept over the North-East coast of England. Thousands of people were attracted to the shore, and the view from the heights above Tynemouth Haven was exceedingly grand. Meanwhile none of the large fleet of laden screw steamers and sailing vessels lying in the river ready for sea ventured to leave the harbour, and the tiers on both sides were crowded with shipping. Rarely has such a "forest of masts" been seen in the Tyne.

The scene, as will appear from what follows, afforded our artist, Mr. Robert Jobling, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a favourable opportunity for seeing the manoeuvring of the lifeboat.

A rather remarkable incident occurred during the storm. All the crew, as was supposed, of the iron barque *Iron Crown*, of Liverpool, had been taken from her early on the Friday morning by the Tynemouth Life Brigade, and the lifeboat *Charles Didden*. For a while the vessel continued to ride at anchor in dangerous proximity to the rocks in Tynemouth Haven. While

in this position the brigade men observed running along the deck one of the crew, named Carl Kop, who by some accident had been left behind. As the tide was then ebbing, it was not deemed necessary to take him off until later on. Consequently, about ten o'clock the *Charles Didden*, under the charge of James Gilbert, was launched, and rescued him. Half-an-hour later the *Iron Crown* broke her chain-cable, and at once drifted on to the Spar Hawke Rocks, where she grounded. Here the tremendous seas made clean breaches over her, and there was every probability of her becoming a total wreck.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS

ON October 12th the city of Tunis was virtually occupied by the French troops. For some weeks previously the French military authorities had been urging upon M. Roustan and the Paris Cabinet the advisability of this step. Finally M. Roustan yielded, and communicated his decision to the Bey, who, like the obedient *protégé* which he has shown himself since April 13th, called his soldiers together, announced the fact to them, and told them to treat the French troops like brothers. At dawn on the 12th inst. accordingly the vanguard of the French garrison, some 2,000 men, entered by the Bab-el-Zhadar postern gate (Door of Traitors) of the Tunis Kasbah citadel, being received with all due honour by the Ferik, or Governor, and his staff. The Kasbah was formerly the ancient palace of the Bey, and here it was that in 1535, ten thousand Christian slaves rose and effected their liberation, while Charles V. was besieging Tunis, and contributed materially to his success. The Spaniards considerably strengthened the works, the remains of which *The Times* correspondent, who was permitted to enter the citadel, characterises as magnificent. Another detachment of French troops entered the city by the Bab-el-Hadra, or Green Gate. The occupation was conducted quietly, and no disturbance occurred, though on the following Friday, when the French and Tunisian flags were hoisted jointly on the citadel in accordance with the Convention, the Arabs manifested considerable annoyance at the Tunisian flag being placed beneath that of France. Fort El Rehta, which, together with Fort Filifa, was filled with French and Arab refugees, was also militarily occupied. Numbers of refugees, as our illustration shows, were encamped in the neighbourhood. Another important position which was occupied was Fort Sidi Bil Hassan, which is situated on a hill to the east of Tunis, and completely commands the whole city.

Ain Tonga was occupied by the insurgent Arabs, who for so long beleaguered the unfortunate Tunisian General, Ali Bey. When, however, he was relieved by the advent of the French troops, and the insurgents retired, he took possession of the position. The well-known amphitheatre of El Djem is in the neighbourhood of Djemel, where a noteworthy engagement recently took place with the insurgents. El Djem is a village of great antiquity, being the Thysdrus or Thysdritana Colonia of the Romans, near to Thapsus, the scene of Scipio's defeat by Caesar. There also the Proconsul Gordian raised the standard of revolt against Maximin, and was proclaimed Emperor in A.D. 238. The amphitheatre itself is built in very much the usual style of such edifices, save that the architecture is more after the Corinthian style than that ordinarily employed. It has been variously utilised by the Arabs—sometimes as a fort, and in more peaceful days for the establishment of store-rooms, shops, and even dwelling-houses. Mehdia is a small seaport, which in the early part of the month was closely beleaguered by the insurgents until the French and Italians despatched a couple of gunboats thither, and the French relieved it with a detachment of troops. Mehdia is a fortified town of some importance, and of historic renown, having been occupied by the Spaniards and Knights of Malta from 1560 to 1564.

FISHING-BOAT DISASTERS AT BURNMOUTH

THE great storm of the 14th was especially destructive on the Berwickshire coast. A large number of deep-sea fishing-boats were caught in the gale, and had to run for shelter. Two attempted to make Berwick Harbour, but drove on the Spital Point, two men being drowned. Another was lost with all hands behind Berwick Pier. Sixteen boats were, by subsequent accounts, missing from Eyemouth, and two or three from Burnmouth. The boats which survived the gale, and reached Eyemouth, Shields, Bridlington Bar, and other places, suffered terrible weather. A correspondent, who visited Burnmouth on the following Sunday, describes the whole village as plunged in grief, wives and daughters weeping at their cottage doors, overwhelmed by the havoc of the previous Friday, and two old men giving them what comfort they could.

The fishing fleet of Burnmouth comprised twelve deep-sea boats (carrying seven men each) and four cobbles (carrying four men each). Of these three of the large boats and two of the cobbles are lost. The losses of men, so far as they can be ascertained at present, are—At Eyemouth, 136; at Burnmouth, 24; at Coldingham, 3; at Cove, 11; total 174 men, leaving upwards of 400 persons, widows and children, behind them. Between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* will be required, of which about 4,000*l.* has been raised, the Mayor of Berwick having opened a Relief Fund, to which the Queen has given 100*l.*—Our engravings depict incidents of the storm, and are from sketches by Mr. J. W. McIntyre.

OLD ENGLISH FAYRE AT PLYMOUTH

THIS fair, held on behalf of the New Hospital at Plymouth, and the most successful of the kind ever held in the West of England, was opened on the 22nd of last month by H.R.H. the Princess Frederica of Hanover, in the presence of a large and distinguished company, including the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Earl St. Germans, Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., &c.

The stall-holders were the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgcumbe (whose sign was the "Olde Boare's Heade"), Lady Lopes (who sold the "riche and rayre hangings from partes beyond the seas" at the sign of "Ye Turk's Head"), Hon. Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Derry, Mrs. R. Fox, Mrs. Chappel Hodge, Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, Mrs. Square, Mrs. Mortimer Collier, and Mrs. Stuart Hawkins. The net proceeds exceeded 2,000*l.* The artistic arrangements, which the Princess spoke of in terms of admiration, and which included an old English street very cleverly painted, and a market cross in the centre, were under the direction of Mr. Hine, architect, Plymouth, assisted by Mr. Fouracre, of Stonehouse. The arcades of the Guildhall formed the shops. The performances on the great organ and those of the Royal Marine band added much to the attractiveness of the fair.—Our engraving is from photographs by Mr. Hine, Lockyer Street, Plymouth.



THE CONDITION OF IRELAND is certainly improved, in spite of the fact that a certain number of outrages continue to be reported from various parts. The Land League has been proclaimed as an illegal and criminal organisation, and the police have prevented the holding of any of its meetings either at the various offices or in the open air. A few more "suspects" have been arrested, amongst them Mr. Dorris, the legal secretary of the Land League, who is said to be the author of a confidential circular containing hints for evading the law; and Dr. Kenny, private physician to some of the suspects, who was also medical officer to the North Dublin Union,

but has been removed from the post by a sealed order from the Local Government Board, against which the Guardians have recorded a strong protest. At Kilmainham special precautions against any attempt at rescue have been taken, and as a punishment for refusing to say how their signatures were obtained to the "No Rent" manifesto, Mr. Parnell and the rest of the chief "suspects" have been deprived for a week of the privilege of seeing visitors. It is also said that they will be removed to separate county prisons. The Ladies' Land League, which has not yet been suppressed, has issued an appeal, signed by Miss Anna Parnell, asking for subscriptions to alleviate the privations which "hundreds of our bravest and best are suffering in the Bastilles of an alien Government." The Ladies' National Land League of London have also issued a manifesto calling upon Irish women to teach their children the history of the past, and assist the Irish cause by combination, active sympathy, and intelligent action. It is said that twelve fresh ladies' branches and fifteen children's branches of the Land League have just been formed. The irrepressible "interviewer" made his way to Mr. Parnell in Kilmainham Gaol last Saturday, and elicited from him the admission that the arrest of himself and the other leaders practically deprives him of power to carry on the agitation. He, however, thinks that the farmers will adopt the "No Rent" policy to a great extent, and that if they stand firm for one year they will bring both Government and landlords to their knees, the fight being merely a question of money and courage. Mr. Gray's attempt to persuade the Dublin Corporation to bestow the freedom of the city upon Messrs. Parnell and Dillon was only defeated by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor, twenty-three members voting on each side, and thirteen, of whom four were Conservatives, absenting themselves. Amongst the minor incidents of the week is the arrest of a Miss Hobnett, the daughter of a "suspect," for exhibiting the "No Rent" manifesto in her window. She was taken before a magistrate, and released on entering into bail to be of good behaviour.

POLITICAL OPINIONS have during the week been expressed without stint both from public platforms and through the medium of letters to the Press, and also by the kind offices of the professional interviewer, who seems to have now become thoroughly acclimatised. The main, indeed almost the sole, topic has been the new policy of the Government in relation to Ireland, and friends and foes (always excepting the irreconcilable section of the extreme Irish party) have united in declaring their approval, and their intention to support the Government in their efforts to preserve law and order. Sir William Harcourt at Glasgow, on Tuesday and Wednesday, alluded to the recent criticism of the Conservative leaders, and said that it was difficult to find out the point of their attack. Sir Stafford Northcote's "pious opinion" was very characteristic both of the man and his party. It was a doctrine of the Jesuit casuists, invented in the last century, which justified the encouragement of pernicious principles which they dared not avow and could not defend. He defended the Government policy abroad, and turning to Ireland, said that it was a great comfort and support to know that their conduct was generally approved, though the task was painful, and had been very reluctantly resolved upon. In response to an address presented to him by the local Liberal Association he counselled them to adhere to the electioneering tactics which had been so successful.—Mr. Chamberlain at Liverpool, on the same days, also defended the action of the Government in Ireland, which he said was taken neither too soon nor too late. He had no mistake to acknowledge, for between the time when the Tories would have suppressed the Land League, two great and important events had occurred—the League had changed and extended its programme, and the Land Act had been passed. Coercion, which was an integral portion of the Conservative policy towards Ireland, was with the Liberals but a hateful incident. The Union must be preserved, and though the future was uncertain, he was not without hope that Ireland would one day yield to the influence of time and good Government, as Scotland had already done. He hoped that Parliament would, next Session, be able to deal with the questions of Franchise Extension, Redistribution of Seats, and Land Reform; and (speaking to a deputation from the watch trade) he remarked that the need of an alteration in the law with regard to hall-marking was only one of a hundred cases, showing the absolute necessity of revising the rules of the House to enable it to deal with legislative arrears.—Mr. Dodson, speaking at Scarborough, said that the Government had most reluctantly been compelled to use their extraordinary powers in Ireland with vigour, and said that if they were to be called "feeble," he knew not what epithet ought to be applied to their predecessors except that of "absolute impotence."—The Trafalgar Square meeting on Saturday, perhaps owing to the rain, was anything but a great success. About 1,000 people assembled, but the majority seemed opposed to the views of the Federation orators, whose voices were drowned by the singing of national airs, and cries of "No dynamite," "No assassination." At one time, when a lady was speaking, the platform was nearly overturned by the surging of the crowd. On the same night meetings were held in Holborn and at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at which "indignant protests" were made against the imprisonment of the Irish suspects and the suppression of the Land League. The Sunday meeting in Hyde Park for the same object was orderly and brief. Speeches were made simultaneously from six platforms, the chief orator being Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, who was not sparing of abuse of Messrs. Gladstone, Forster, and Bright, but who has since written a long letter to *The Times*, couched in much more respectable language. Amongst the multitude of other declarations on the Irish Question, spoken and written, we have only space to barely allude to those of a commendatory nature emanating from the "Birmingham Liberal Eight Hundred," the Liverpool National Liberal Federation, the Westminster Liberal Union, the Marylebone United Liberal Association; the Dukes of Marlborough and Abercorn, and the Earl of Leitrim (who, however, blame them for delay), the Roman Catholic prelates, Dr. Croke, Dr. McCabe, Dr. Walsh, and Dr. Fitzgerald; the Hon. E. Stanhope, Mr. Sumners, M.P., and the veteran Republican, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake; whilst chief amongst the adverse critics are Sir George Bowyer and Mr. F. H. O'Donnell.—A great Liberal gathering took place at Dundee on Wednesday, at which Lord Rosebery, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman were the chief speakers.

ALLEGED FENIAN PLOTS.—The Press Association has published a long statement to the effect that for months past secret communication has been kept up between O'Donovan Rossa in New York, Stephens in Paris, and a number of conspirators in this country and Ireland, and that their latest plot is one to assassinate Mr. Forster, whilst Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone are also declared to be "in peril of their lives." They also intend to release Mr. Parnell and the other "suspects," and to organise an Irish rebellion at Liverpool, as well as in Ireland itself. It has since been added that the detective police are aware of their benevolent intentions, and know the two men who have been told off to carry them out. They say that there is no plot against the Premier or the Home Secretary, and that Mr. Forster is quite aware of his serious position, but treats the matter with indifference. Much excitement has been created at Liverpool by the discovery of a number of cartridges in many bales of cotton which had been sold in the ordinary way of trade to spinners at Oldham.

DISASTERS AT SEA.—The list of wrecks at sea and around the coast during the past fortnight is truly appalling, and the details of each calamity heartrending. The loss of life has been immense, and the extent of it can hardly yet be accurately ascertained. Perhaps the most exciting narratives are those of the foundering of the *Clan*

Macduff in the Irish Sea, sixteen lives only being saved out of the forty-four on board; and the capsizing of a lifeboat off Douglas, Isle of Man, drowning four of the crew and seven of those whom they had taken off a storm-tossed barque, which ultimately rode out the gale.

THE BERWICK ELECTION has resulted (rather unexpectedly to both parties) in a victory for the Liberals. Mr. Herbert Jerningham polling 1,046 votes, whilst his opponent, Mr. H. J. Trotter, only obtained 529.

MR. GLADSTONE went on a visit to Lord Derby at Knowsley on Wednesday, and on Thursday was to receive an address from the Liverpool Reform Club.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY on Wednesday dined at the Mansion House, by invitation of the Lord Mayor. Sir F. Leighton being absent in Italy, the toast of the evening was responded to by Mr. G. E. Street, the Treasurer of the Academy, who referred to the gratuitous Art education provided for students by the Society, which had no subvention or State aid, as a thing unique among the Art schools of Europe.

MR. MASKELYNE, of Egyptian Hall anti-spiritualistic fame, has, we doubt not, astonished a great many people by contributing a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* in favour of the ghost theory. What he says is, however, neither more nor less demonstrative than the stories told by other writers; and we are rather inclined to think that he is poking fun at the believers when he avers his conviction, not that his mother saw his ghost and the ghost of the water in which he was nearly drowned, but that she *would have done so had her attention not been otherwise occupied.*

A FATAL RAILWAY COLLISION which occurred this week near Leicester, on the Midland line, seems to have been caused by an error committed by the pointsman. It resulted in the death of three lady passengers and severe injuries to several other persons, including a driver and stoker, who were dreadfully burnt and scalded. By another disaster which took place at Harrogate some twenty persons were injured severely, though no one was killed.

THE SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, now reduced to five in number, dined together on Friday last week, the anniversary of Nelson's great victory. Two of them are ninety years of age, two ninety-one, and the fifth ninety-two.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.—On Friday last week a meeting was held at the Mansion House to protest against the continuance of the opium trade by the Indian Government. The Lord Mayor presided, and amongst the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Shaftesbury, and Cardinal Manning. Reference was made to the letter received in May last from Li Hung Chang, the Grand Secretary and Viceroy at Peking, and resolutions were passed pledging those present to support the Chinese Government in its efforts to suppress the traffic; and declaring it to be the duty of this country to give money aid to the Indian Government.



THE HAYMARKET Theatre reopened on Wednesday evening with a new historical play written by a gentleman who possesses the old historical name of Walter Raleigh. Additional interest was imparted to the occasion by the reappearance, after some years' absence from England, of Mrs. Scott Siddons, who was announced to impersonate Anne Boleyn. Mr. Raleigh's work, which is a five-act historical play in blank verse bearing the title of *Queen and Cardinal*, is officially stated to be "an attempt to reconcile Anne's acceptance of the King's addresses and subsequent disgrace with her undoubted love for Harry Hotspur, and her many indisputable excellencies of character." Thus, as will be remembered by those who can recall the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play, entitled *Anne Boleyn*, produced at this same theatre a few years ago, the dramatist, like his predecessor, concerned to remove some of the odium which necessarily attaches to the unfortunate Queen. But while Mr. Taylor, presuming perhaps a little too much upon his audience's forgetfulness of history, boldly assumed her to be an ingenuous, affectionate, and almost saint-like personage, Mr. Raleigh confesses a certain degree of frivolity, mingled even with a tinge of craft and passion for vengeance on enemies; while on the other hand he takes great pains to provide her with an excuse for marrying the King on the supposed faithfulness of her old lover Harry Hotspur. In brief it is not ambition, but bitterness at being jilted, which impels his heroine to listen to the fatal addresses of her Royal lover. Practically, however, this point, though insisted on, produces little effect either as an element in judging Anne's conduct, or as a dramatic factor in the play. The audience are conscious of little beyond the fact that they see a succession of scenes, in which Anne, the King, Cardinal Wolsey, Queen Katherine, and other familiar historical personages scold and intrigue a good deal. When the tardy Hotspur in the fourth act returned to explain matters to the Queen in a glade of Windsor Forest, the audience were, we regret to say, manifestly unable to muster interest in his declarations; while some rather oddly contrived interviews between successive couples of lovers in this act provoked ill-timed laughter. Mr. Raleigh's verse is of the sort which "gods, men, and booksellers" are said by the old poet to abhor, and though he has provided some picturesque situations, the abundance of what are technically called "carpenter's scenes," and the frequent dropping of the curtain for the mere sake of screening from observation the proceedings of scene builders, betray the inexperienced hand. Mrs. Scott Siddons is a lady of somewhat slight stature, possessing a handsome and expressive countenance; but certain vices of style, chiefly arising from an imperfect conception of the value of self-restraint, interfere much with the effect of her impersonation of the Queen. In other respects the performance calls for no comment. The company comprises many performers of repute, but it is not easy for an actor to do justice to himself in a play which inspires but a languid interest; and which at times comes dangerously near the proverbially thin line between the ridiculous and the sublime.

In the place of the adaptation of *Les Demoiselles de Montfermeil* at the ROYALTY Theatre, which has not proved successful, the management have revived for a short period a little domestic drama of some merit, entitled *For Life*, written by Mr. J. G. Taylor, who plays very cleverly a leading part in his own piece. *For Life* will be played in conjunction with Mr. Tom Taylor's *Nine Points of the Law*, pending the preparation of a new comedy by Mr. Reece founded on *Le Panache* of M. Gondinet.

THE ALHAMBRA will shortly be closed for alterations. Upon reopening, *The Black Crook* (well-known to American playgoers) will be produced. It is an adaptation of *La Biche au Bois*, which has lately been successfully revived in Paris. The music is by Messrs. F. Clay and G. Jacobi. Brilliant ballets and grand spectacular effects are promised in this charming fairy opera.

Yet another new theatre is about to be built in Central London. Its manager will be M. Marius, and it is hardly necessary to add that its speciality will be comic opera.—The ST. JAMES'S THEATRE reopened on Thursday evening with a revival of the late Mr. Robertson's *Home*, of which we shall take occasion to speak next week.—Madame Ristori, who has not been in England for some years, will appear next year at Drury Lane as Lady Macbeth, as

well as in some other characters. She will play on this occasion in English, not strictly for the first time, since on the occasion of her last farewell benefit in London she impersonated Lady Macbeth in English in the sleep-walking scene. Her accent on that occasion was observed to be remarkably good; but the scene is too short to afford any very severe test in that respect. Madame Ristori is now, according to her biographers, about sixty years of age.—Mr. Gilbert's new fairy comedy, originally written for Mr. Sothorn, but now to be produced with Mr. Charles Wyndham in the original part, is entitled *Foggerty's Fairy*. If it be true, as stated, that this is the third title bestowed upon the manuscript piece, it can hardly be said that the trouble given to provide it with a name has produced any very euphonious result. It is stated to be a piece in three acts of the same class as *The Wicked World* and *The Palace of Truth*. In reply to a statement recently published, to the effect that Mr. Sothorn had declared himself dissatisfied with this work, the writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News* quotes a private letter of the late Mr. Sothorn, written in February of last year, in which he says: "Whether I remain in England or return to America is doubtful, but either way I open with this piece, providing myself the company and superintending the rehearsals. The fairy element of the play is most original. As regards my own part, I have never felt myself so completely myself as I have in studying it."

The lighting of the new SAVOY Theatre by the Swan incandescent lamps appears to have been remarkably successful, so far at least as it has gone; but it is at present confined to the auditory, corridors, and saloons. It is intended, however, to try to-day the experiment of lighting the stage by this means. The effect on the purity and coolness of the atmosphere is said to be already very remarkable.

The Prince of Wales has presented Mr. Edgar Bruce with a handsome scarf pin ornamented with an Oriental onyx, surrounded with diamonds, in acknowledgment of the pleasure derived from the recent performance of Mr. Burnand's comedy, *The Colonel*, at Abergeldie Castle.

An American author has written a book to prove that Hamlet was a woman who, for State purposes, had been disguised, and brought up as a man.

THE SANITARY PROTECTION ASSOCIATION, which held its first general meeting on Tuesday at the Society of Arts, has been established with the very commendable objects of protecting London householders against defective sewage arrangements, and securing a supply of uncontaminated water. Professor Huxley, the President, and the members of the Council, among whom are Sir William Gull, Professor Acland, Professor Williamson, and other well-known public men give their services gratuitously, and each member, on payment of two guineas and a further annual sum of one guinea, becomes entitled to a thorough periodical inspection of his premises by skilled engineers. The Society is as yet in its infancy, numbering only 126 members, but some idea of the real necessity of the work it has undertaken may be gathered from the statement that out of the 108 houses which have undergone inspection, the drain-pipes were found to be leaky in no fewer than thirty-three, whilst in seven cases the buildings were absolutely without any drainage, the refuse and filth being simply allowed to accumulate in the basement. Professor Huxley, in urging the claims of the new Society to public support, said that it was simply a co-operative store for the supply of good advice, and hinted that the inherent antipathy in human nature to the reception of good advice was perhaps the reason of its present limited success, but went on to express a hope that by the time of the next annual meeting its operations would have extended over a section of London as large as Edinburgh. We shall be very glad to hear that these sanguine anticipations have been realised, but we must confess to a very strong degree of doubt upon the matter. There is little to induce anyone to spend money on the inspection and repairs of the drains and water-pipes in his own house when he reflects that, in spite of all his precautions, he or any member of his family is still liable to be poisoned by sewer gas from the neglected drains in the premises of his next-door neighbour; besides, there is ample proof that the worst cases are not the result of innocent ignorance, but of wilful and criminal neglect. Witness the recent revelations concerning the filthy fever dens in the neighbourhood of Lisson Grove, some of which were condemned as unfit for human habitation as long ago as 1876, but which, nevertheless, are still occupied, though standing in a quagmire of liquid sewage several feet in depth. Notwithstanding Professor Huxley's declaration that the intrusion of Government inspectors would not be tolerated, we think that a more stringent application of the law is the only true remedy so far as London at large is concerned. Nevertheless, much good may be done by the Association over which Professor Huxley presides, and by the "Sanitary Assurance Association," whose objects and method of working are precisely similar, especially if either society could see its way to the gratuitous distribution of some scientific instructions which would enable householders to conduct their own inspections; supplemented by a few plain hints as to what repairs and improvements they may legally demand of their landlords. Perhaps some day we shall see the letting of unhealthy dwellings punishable by fine or imprisonment, as the selling of unwholesome meat or fish now is.

THE YACHT VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—By the time these lines are before our readers' eyes the *Ceylon* will have left Southampton for her cruise round the world. The first port at which she will call will be Bordeaux, and from thence she will proceed to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malaga, and Marseilles, arriving at the latter port about November 15th. Passengers who have taken a long time in making up their minds about sailing with her can join her there. There are still a good many vacant berths on board the vessel, for, as in all new ventures, the public have hung back, feeling extremely doubtful about her starting. Now, however, that she is really off there will be many who will regret that they were not amongst the first shipload to go on this unique yachting trip. Meanwhile, we wish her the best of weathers and the most agreeable passengers possible. We may here mention that Mr. C. E. Fripp, who was our special artist during the Kaffir War of 1877, as well as during the Zulu and the Transvaal campaigns, is a passenger on board the *Ceylon*, and will from time to time send us sketches of places and peoples visited.

LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,586 deaths were registered against 1,460 during the previous seven days, an increase of 126, being 80 above the average, and at the rate of 21·6 per 1,000. There were 14 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 8, but exceeding the average by 2), 30 from measles (a decrease of 3, and 2 above the average), 48 from scarlet fever (a decline of 18, and 19 below the average), 21 from diphtheria (an increase of 8, and exceeding the average by 11), 39 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7, and 11 above the average), 5 from typhus fever, 53 from enteric fever (an increase of 20), and 18 from diarrhoea (a decline of 6, and 21 below the average), and 319 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 40, and 17 above the average), of which 182 were attributed to bronchitis, and 96 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths, of which 62 were the result of negligence or accident, 8 were due to injuries received during the recent gales. There were 2,681 births registered against 2,550 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 41. The mean temperature of the air was 43·7 deg., and 7·1 deg. below the average.



PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA has published an account of his late travels in the East.

THE WELL-KNOWN PARISIAN CARICATURIST, M. André Gill, has become insane. It is thought that the malady is due to the hardships of his early life.

TRANSATLANTIC BRIDESMAIDS now carry miniature parasols of real flowers suspended from the wrist by a white ribbon in the place of the traditional bouquet or basket of flowers.

THAT POPULAR AESTHETIC DITTY of "the intense young man" in *Patience* is being altered by the fashionable maidens across the Atlantic to

I'm a silk and satin young girl;
I'm a velvet and plush young girl,
A Gainsborough bonnet, with humming-bird on it;
A sealskin sacque young girl.

THE PRODUCTION OF WINE IN FRANCE does not seem, after all, to have suffered much from the *Phylloxera* and other diseases, to judge from the statistics of M. Toussaint Lona, who shows that the quantity of wine produced now is far larger than a century ago, before there was any idea of these vine-diseases. Since 1871 the production has steadily increased, and 1879 was the best year of the century.

THE DAILY VARIATION IN A PERSON'S HEIGHT, according to his occupations, is pointed out by Professor Busch, who has been taking observations amongst the Berlin soldiery. He finds that the elastic substance between the twenty-four joints of the spinal column contracts by long standing, and lengthens again when at rest, and he cites various cases of extraordinary difference, the greatest being one of 1½ inches.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL BORING OPERATIONS are to be resumed this week, after a cessation of two months to remove the machinery from Abbott's Cliff to the Shakespeare Cliff heading. The drilling will be extended another mile further towards Dover, and the arrangements have now been so improved that only half the number of men will be required to carry on the work at the same rate of progress as formerly.

A MEDAL commemorating the two murdered American Presidents—Lincoln and Garfield—is to be struck at the United States Mint. It will be of gold, and will bear the portraits of the Presidents on either side. General Garfield's likeness, also, is to be placed on the Transatlantic five-cent postage-stamps, while the Americans are now discussing the erection of a national mausoleum for the last resting-place of their various Presidents.

THE CONTROVERSY WHETHER VOLCANOES EXIST IN CENTRAL ASIA has been set at rest by the result of an expedition sent to the Kuldja frontier by the Governor of Semiretchinsk, whose two previous expeditions with the same object had failed, owing to the disorder in Kashgar, and the difficulties of reaching the mountains. In the mountain Bai Shan, belonging to the Thian Shan range, and situated in a basin twelve miles north-east of the city of Kuldja, perpetual fires have been discovered, due not to volcanic action but to burning coal, the sides of the mountain being honey-combed by caves emitting smoke and sulphurous gas. This discovery bears out the testimony of many Russian explorers, and the statements in Mr. Schuyler's "Turkestan."

LAST YEAR'S WRECKS ON THE BRITISH COASTS AND SEAS numbered 2,519, the *Wrack Register* tells us; but happily the various means of preserving life rescued 2,923 persons from these disasters. During the last twenty-six years nearly 52,000 shipwrecks have occurred on our coasts, and the lives lost—18,550—have almost equalled the number of men who man the British fleet. In the latest record, the chief disasters occurred on the West Coasts of England and Scotland and the East Coast of Ireland; while, of the total losses, 30 were due to the defects of the ships themselves, 68 to the errors of the vessels' officers, 97 to stress of weather, and 42 to other or unknown causes. Amongst the various casualties, 45 were caused by defects, 115 by errors, and 213 by bad weather; while the largest number of vessels lost were those from fifteen to thirty years old.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF SCANDINAVIAN ANTIQUITIES, lent by the Swedish Government, will be exhibited in London next spring, when it is hoped the Copenhagen authorities will also contribute. Meanwhile a number of Indian Art objects from South Kensington have been lent to the new Industrial Museum which is being arranged in Berlin on the Crown Princess's initiative, and is to be opened on her birthday, the 21st prox. Talking of museums, an interesting collection of casts will be opened at the Paris Trocadéro this winter, illustrating the principal types of French sculpture from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries. This "Musée de Sculpture Comparée" was originated by the late French architect, M. Viollet-le-Duc, whose bust will be placed in one of the rooms. The Louvre, too, will shortly inaugurate a collection of Chaldean antiquities which have been unearthed during the last three years in Kurdistan, and are believed to be unique. The objects belong to a period twenty centuries before the Christian era.

CZAR ALEXANDER III. closely inspects the accounts of the Imperial household, and, according to the *American Register*, was lately examining the list of the expenses of his father's funeral, when he discovered that 280 bottles of champagne had been consumed during the lying in state of the late Emperor. He was highly displeased that champagne should have been drunk in the presence of his father's body, but found on inquiry that the Ladies-in-Waiting were the innocent delinquents. The atmosphere in the chapel was so stifling that the ladies asked for seltzer-water, which was given to them mixed with champagne. When the Czar is crowned at Moscow next May he will receive the homage of his subjects seated on a quaint ancient ivory throne, once the property of the Byzantine Emperors, and brought to Russia in 1472 by the heiress of Constantine XII., the last Eastern Emperor, who married a Russian Grand Duke. The throne is ornamented with carvings representing the labours of Orpheus, and is surmounted by the Byzantine eagle. It was used at Alexander II.'s coronation. The Czarina's throne, which was presented by some Armenian merchants in 1659, is equally gorgeous, being adorned with Oriental silver bas-reliefs and masses of jewels.

THE RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION recovered last year by Lieutenant Schwatka have been placed in the Greenwich Hospital Museum, in company with those brought home by Dr. Rae. Arctic explorers are causing considerable anxiety just now, for nothing has been heard of Mr. Leigh Smith, who left England in June, in the *Eira*, for a trip to Franz Josef Land, and who should have been home by this time. If he is beset by ice he will have to leave his vessel, as the Austrians did in 1874, and sledge over the ice to the open sea, whence he may gain Nova Zembla, and meet with Russian traders. Fortunately he is provided with fourteen months' supplies. As to the *Jeannette*, the Government search vessel *Corwin* has returned to San Francisco without obtaining a single clue to the fate of the missing vessel. Amongst other Arctic items, Professor Nordenskjöld is collecting funds for another Siberian expedition, and the Austrian Government, following out the plan of Polar observation commenced by the American colony at Lady Franklin Bay, is going to establish a scientific station at Jan Mayen's Island, in lat. 70.29 N., and long. 7.31 W., and has consulted the chief British Arctic authorities on the fitting-out of the expedition.

MR. VERNON, D.L.

MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN

MR. LITTON, Q.C.



THE CRISIS IN IRELAND—OPENING OF THE COURT OF THE LAND COMMISSION



ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS, FORMING THE TOMB OF AVERARDO DEI BICCI (MEDICIS).



COSMO III. OF MEDICIS, FROM A DRAWING BY GARCIA



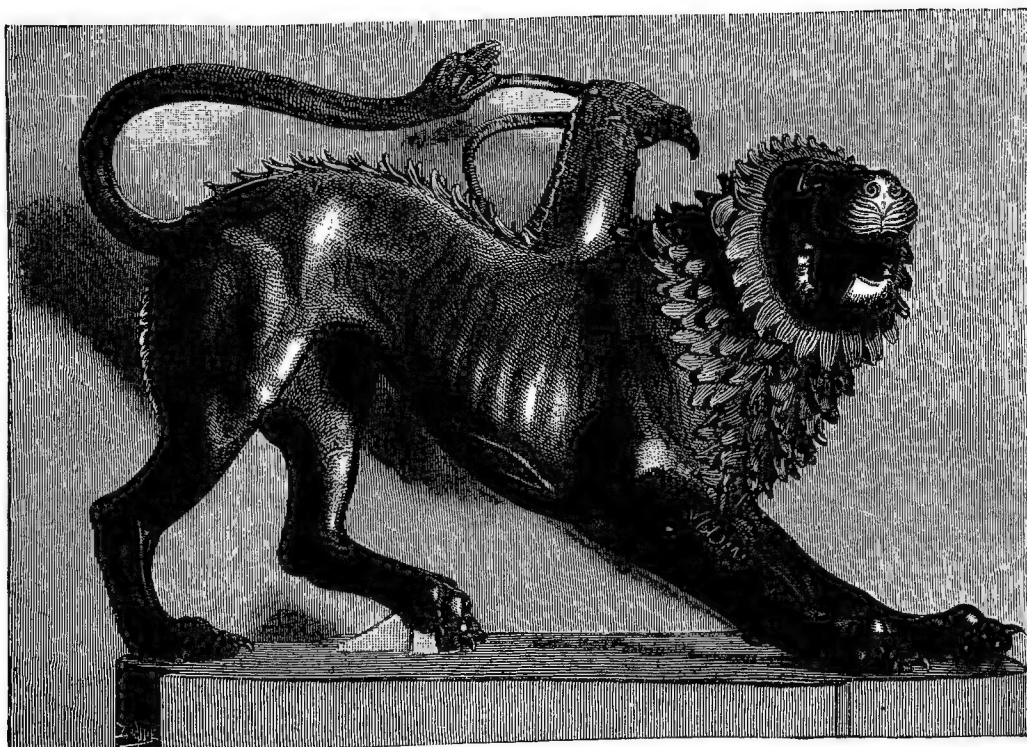
GIOVANNI GASTON, LAST OF THE MEDICIS FAMILY



STATUE OF SAVONAROLA, BY LE PAZZI



"ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE"
DESIGN FOR THE BAPTISTERY GATES, BY Ghiberti



ETRUSCAN ART—THE CHIMERA IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY

LOCHES

THE grape-cure seems to have gone out of fashion; but the number of those (still too few) who are wise enough to brave the fear of heat and run across to enjoy the vintage in France steadily increases. And a pleasant scene than a French vintage can scarcely be imagined. Hopping is pleasant enough in fine weather; but, though every one says a hop-garden is handsomer than a French vineyard, there is no comparison, in novelty and picturesqueness and well-behaved fun, between hopping and grape gathering. The worst of it is the grapes don't always grow in interesting country. Sometimes, except the vineyards, there is for miles nothing to be seen—no church of any account, no castle, no scenery; nothing to fall back upon when one is tired of watching and helping and eating. In Touraine it is quite otherwise. There you have a fine church, a castle, or a château at every other mile; and forests, too, with really big trees; and sweetly pretty valleys, where the numerous streams have cut their way through the plateaus. Nowhere else can you so well combine grapes and architecture—rich, as French architecture almost always is, in historical teaching.

A château is not a castle—the one belongs to feudalism, the other to the Renaissance. Chambord (the king of châteaux), Chenonceaux, Azay-le-Rideau, were not built to stand a siege, any more than Long-leat or Burleigh. Blois is a French Stirling; it was once a French Windsor. Chaumont and Amboise are half château, half castle. But Loches is wholly feudal—a castle, the very look of which prepares us for the grim memories that haunt its towers and *ouillies*. If you want, then, to see the vintage, and something else besides, go to Touraine, and choose the uplands round Loches. The grapes at Bléré are very good; and close to Loches, between Beaulieu and the *chartreuse de Liget*, there is a fine stretch of vine land, a mile or so from which the view of Loches itself bursts upon you. And it is one of the most characteristic views you can imagine. The author of "Flemish Interiors" compares it to Subiaco, and says there is nothing like it in France for picturesqueness: "The approach to this old town, of which the castle is the nucleus and the glory, is absolutely enchanting." Yes; and the town counts for a great deal when we sum up the attractions of Loches. It is about the best type of a mediæval town to be found in Europe; clustering round the castle rock (you can drop stones into its chimneys from the terrace above), yet cut off from it by a deep ravine, and fortified on its own account with walls and gates, it typifies the sharp division between the lives of noble and of bourgeois. On the rocky platform stands the huge double keep, built in the tenth century by Foulques Nerra (*Falco niger*), Count of Anjou. It is 125 ft. high, with walls so thick that the staircases are hollowed in them. They compare it with our Rochester Keep or Tower of London; but the buttresses are not flat but round. Close by are the other castle buildings, and on the same platform the grand old church of St. Ours, with its three spires, each like the spire of Oxford Cathedral, and its two domes and its curious sculptures, and the gaudily-dressed doll that spoils it all, for it is a pilgrimage place, boasting of that precious relic, the Virgin Mary's girdle. The newer buildings (now the Sub-Prefecture) tell of Anne of Brittany; they are as full of love-knots and emblems with the motto *Potius mori quam fœdari*, as Blois Castle is of Francis I.'s salamanders. Then there is Agnes Sorel's tree and her tomb, with the lambs at her feet, and the sweet face, as sweet in marble as it is on panel at Azay. Agnes, the first of a long line of *dames de beauté*, is the only one, except La Valière, on whom posterity has looked kindly. Her supposed gentleness, and the notion that she kept Charles VII. from wholly giving in to the English, have made her, in popular estimation, something of a saint.

All around is her country; from the castle terrace you look down across the cluster of quaint roofs and turrets, with the tall *beffroi* in the midst, that make up Loches, over the Indre to Beaulieu, whence she removed from Guiche to be nearer the King. Beaulieu has its big church, with a grand spire and only the stumps of the nave-pillars; it has also a curious little flamboyant church, with quaint pictures of Lazarus and the dogs, &c. The big church looks very English outside; indeed, Loches, a stronghold of the Angevin Counts, was for a long time as much English as French. That *chartreuse de Liget*, up beyond the vineyard to which I have recommended you, was built by Henry II. in expiation of Becket's murder. Richard I. took Loches Castle by the mere terror of his name, after the French had seized it during his captivity. Girard d'Athé, the serf-knight, held it for the widowed Berengaria, first against John, and then against Philip Augustus. When the latter got it he gave it away; but it was too stirring a place for a subject to hold, and Saint Louis, writing "from Egypt by the Nile bank," bought it back for the Crown. The rout of Poitiers threw it again into the power of the English.

I need not say much about the Loches of Louis XI. Is it not written in an ever-memorable passage of Scott that "the sound of its name was yet more dreaded than Plessis itself?" There are dungeons below dungeons, trap-doors through which those who were pushed were never heard of more. There were the cages (there is only a picture of one now), in one of which their inventor, Cardinal de la Balze, spent eleven years, and of which even Philip of Commines had a taste. He was mixed up in Louis Duke of Orleans's conspiracy against Charles VIII. The Duke, too, had to spend some time in a Loches dungeon, his captivity being shared by Louis XI.'s daughter Jeanne, "the ugly Princess," whom he afterwards, when he became Louis XII., so ungratefully repudiated. Of his chief prisoner, Ludovico Sforza, *il moro*, there are abundant records on the dungeon walls; on one of which, among the names which escaped the "scraping for saltpetre" at the Revolution, you may read "Ebenezer Kilburn, 1780, temperate abstinent." Kilburn, the warder told me, was a Scotchman.

Of the Loches of Francis I., when he entertained Charles V. right royally, *car il n'eust pu faire les choses petites*, and of the home that Mary de Medicis found here, under the guardianship of that Duke of Epemon who once told Henry IV. that he was his most faithful servant, but that friendship can only be purchased by friendship, you can read in their histories. Don't forget, too, the sad way in which Diana of Poitiers is mixed up with the prison-palace. Her father, Count of St. Vallier, was imprisoned there for having sided with the Constable of Bourbon. Diana, on her knees, sought and obtained his freedom; but when she went with the order of release she found him a white-headed madman.

Yes, there is plenty to see at Loches. It lies off the lines of rail, of which the monopoly of the great French companies has hitherto prevents that multiplication which covers Belgium and some parts of England with quite a network. If you go by diligence you have to leave Tours at an unearthly hour in the morning; but perhaps you mean to reach it from Chenonceaux by way of Bléré; or by way of Montresor from St. Aignan (where is a wonderful Romanesque church, far finer even than that of Loches), and a château-castle. This last is the way for vines and woodlands; and either way will bring you to Beaulieu, and give you the finest view of Loches. As for the vintage, you may miss in Touraine some of the local colouring of the South; but you get compensations, and there's no reason why you should not do both. Take Loches, and so make sure of it; and if you can, go next season to Bordeaux. The heat? Yes, it is trying to pedestrians; but you can almost always hire a trap, and drive yourself; and there are no turnpikes, and the roads round Loches are, unlike some French roads, very pleasant. But if you want to walk in Touraine go there in April, when the vineyards are golden with tulips and blue with starch-hyacinths; and when you can trust your feet to supplement, without too much fatigue, the very complete diligence and post-cart system which makes up for the lack of railways. H. S. FAGAN

M. CHARLES BLANC'S "REMBRANDT"

NOWHERE than in Rembrandt is there perhaps a better illustration of Bacon's axiom that Art is man adding himself to Nature. Rembrandt's representation of life through the light of his genius is life itself as it appears—a phantasmagoria of figures, some palpable and luminous, others vague as the phantoms of a dream—a medley of truth and allegory, light and darkness, colour and shade. He has been compared to many other painters, Rubens among these, but in defining the genius of Rubens we define the very opposite of Rembrandt's. Rubens portrays the show and surface of life, Rembrandt is essentially the painter of introspection, and when he gives us the externals of life they are rather its mystic signs than the exact image. With him there is no desire to shine save through the spirit that pervades his groups; with Rubens it is the outward lustre of the groups that shines; Rubens is the painter of the body, Rembrandt the painter of the soul. There is about Rembrandt that quiet confidence which says the half is better than the whole, harmonious neglect is better than apparent method.

What is the meaning of that gloom which pervades all that Rembrandt with his eloquent brush has said about life? Some might think he was a pessimist who saw no good, no light; others that he was an exponent of the Reformation, and worked in the capacity of reformer. But was it not rather the mystery of life—the yearning towards light from the depths of eternal darkness—as Edgar Quinet has so well said—which for ever troubled this great spirit, and has in turn troubled Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron, and has left its *chiaroscuro* on their immortal work?

If we take his "Doctor Faustus," that incarnation of a desire to sound the mysteries of life and death, it will be seen that it is not only a presentment of the necromancer but an interpretation. In his Gothic study, vast, vaulted, and ill-lighted, surrounded by planetary configurations, rare books, furnaces, retorts, and anatomical shapes in the midst of which a death's head is conspicuous, the enchanter has left his chair, and is about to trace the three magic signs. Rembrandt, however, has departed from tradition, and instead of the magic circle destined to conjure Satan being traced on the floor, we see them on the window with startling brilliance of effect. Again, instead of, as in the dramas, giving us the black dog, he presents us with an invisible tempter indicated by two hands which hold a mirror.

But all this vigour and boldness of Rembrandt's imagination is deeply appreciated by the distinguished author of the present work, who has qualified himself for his colossal task by every means that patient research and study can afford. We have only to look at his classification of Rembrandt's work, and his enlightened criticism, to perceive on what just grounds he regards this artist's achievements as among the greatest of the human mind.

M. Blanc tells us that when he visited the Museum at the Hague for the first time, he was in company with an eminent physiologist, an enthusiast, like himself, about Rembrandt's genius, and the two coming from Amsterdam from a sight of the famous "Night Watch," the "Lesson in Anatomy" seemed a little cold, and to lack that *relief de l'ensemble* in which Rembrandt almost always excels. M. Blanc is of opinion that the painter in this work has succeeded in a perfect presentation of parts; each head taken separately is a living one, full of expression, and finely modelled; but each of these insists on your attention, and so destroys the general effect. Each part is decided, and serves to concentrate the interest on some one point or another in turn. This is good criticism; yet nothing is more difficult than to harmonise into one great whole things which are in perfect harmony with themselves. The body stretched on the table forms by its diagonal position and the monotony of its greenish colour the sole unity of the picture; the faces, for the rest, are refined, proud, and thoughtful. The professor, with his hat on his head before his pupils, holds at the end of his forceps the muscles of the hand, and explains to his disciples their simple mechanism, operating with the indifference of the anatomist and the man armed against the emotions of the amphitheatre.

"The Lesson in Anatomy" was painted when Rembrandt was only twenty-six years of age, and is the work of an artist not yet in full possession of his genius. His colouring contained a deep soul, but that soul had not yet manifested itself in him; the imagination of the dreamer, the genius of the visionary, had not yet freed themselves. "The Presentation at the Temple" and "Susannah at Her Bath," in the Hague Gallery, both belong to the youth of Rembrandt, having been produced between the age of twenty-five and twenty-six. They are delicately finished—the first, perhaps, a little cold; but both of these pictures contain the germ of the more powerful of Rembrandt's works.

It was not only to painting, however, that Rembrandt devoted himself. Shut up in his studio, and inaccessible to all visitors, he produced those marvellous etchings which have served to render his name famous. Such was the rage for these that traders came from all parts to obtain his proofs, and the biographer tells us that it was only with great difficulty, and by paying court to the painter, that they were obtainable. Such was the pitch of fashion that his engravings reached, that those who did not possess copies of some of his most popular subjects were the laughing-stock of others.

In the enjoyment of such popularity it will be readily believed that Rembrandt's fortunes grew apace. His pupils alone, and of them his studio was always full, brought him no inconsiderable sum, for Sandrast, his contemporary, tells us that each of them paid him no less than a hundred florins a year, and the many copies produced by them and retouched by the master for sale as originals were in themselves no slight source of income; in fact, the one with the other brought Rembrandt 2,500 florins per annum—to say nothing of his own creations with the pencil, the point, and the pen, the prices given for which, according to Houbraken, were very high. In the midst of all this wealth and prosperity, Rembrandt lived a life of the utmost simplicity: his meals were of the plainest, his companions are said to have been men without position, or even education; and when some one reproached the painter for his manner of life, this was his reply: "When I have done my work, I don't care to seek grandeur which bores me, but liberty."

His work embraced human nature under every aspect, and the etchings which accompany this volume, 351 in number, are arranged in the most perfect manner. Commencing with the Old and New Testament, M. Blanc proceeds to the Allegories and Phantasies, the Vagabonds, the Academical Figures, the Portraits—numbering in themselves 140,—the Landscapes and the Animals, together with many others unknown even to the best connoisseurs. This work comprises three volumes: one in folio containing the text and two large albums with the loose etchings. This collection of engravings, executed under the supervision of M. Delange, is such as has never been brought together before, reproducing not only the known and accessible works such as those in the British Museum, in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and in the galleries of Vienna and Amsterdam, but also the magnificent proofs in the possession of MM. Clément, Danlos, Delisle, Loyse, and Thibaudeau, which M. Charles Blanc, by his influence and a desire to produce a perfect representation of Rembrandt, has with great trouble been able to obtain. It will be seen, therefore, that this is a work which few could have undertaken, and which, from its costliness and the limited number of copies printed, only the wealthy can possess. A. EGMONT BLAKE

"L'Œuvre de Rembrandt Dénoué et Commenté," par M. Charles Blanc, de l'Académie Française. Ouvrage comprenant la Reproduction de Toutes les Estampes du Maître. Exécutée sous la direction de M. Firmin Delange (Paris: A. Quantin).



MESSRS. J. McDOWELL AND CO.—Three pianoforte pieces, by G. Bachmann, arranged both as solos and duets, will prove useful and sufficiently brilliant for after-dinner performance. "Chanson Louis XVI." is a quaint and catching melody, after the antique "Marie Stuart," a showy *mazurka de ballet*. "Galop de Bravura," a *morceau de concert*, is the least pleasing of the group.—Of the same style, but a trifle easier, are three pianoforte pieces, arranged as solos and duets by Ch. Neustedt. "Under the Balcony" is a graceful impromptu. "Twilight Reverie," a *romance sans paroles*, will find favour with dreamily-disposed players; as will also "Gavotte Sentimentale." A favourite German song, by Michael Bergson, "The Two Hearts" (*Wenn sich Zwei Herzen Scheiden*), has been transcribed for the pianoforte by three different transcribers—all are very good in their way; that by Henri Gremont is somewhat easier than the more brilliant arrangement by L. Cramer.—Where a violin or violoncello is available, H. J. Lutgen's charming transcription, with its excellent accompaniment for either of these instruments, will surely be preferred to its rivals, "Danse Favourite de Marie;" "Lesczynska, Reine de France (1725)," is a quaint old-fashioned melody, tastefully arranged for the pianoforte by Michael Bergson. This piece should be learnt by heart.

ALFRED HAYS.—A brilliant fantasia, which will well repay the trouble of committing to memory, is "Song of the Sea," by Catherine Heaton, who has worked out a pleasing theme with taste and originality.—By far the better and prettier of two specimens of dance music, by G. J. Rubini, is "L'Etoile d'Or Valse" to "Tête-à-Tête Polka." The former may lay claim to originality of melody; the latter is of a very ordinary type.—Two sets of waltzes, by Georges Lamothe, entitled respectively "Adorée" and "Pomme d'Amour," merit a foremost place in the ranks of dance music, and may well be added to any portfolio for carpet-dance purposes.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The poems of Théophile Gautier are known to, and appreciated by, all students of French poetry, whilst all true musicians cannot fail to appreciate the music of Hector Berlioz—hence a volume of six songs, written and composed by these gifted *collaborateurs*, will be warmly received by the public. No. 1 is "Vilanelle," a merry spring song for mezzo-soprano or tenor; "The Spectre of the Rose" is a sentimental ballad for a contralto, the plaint of a withered rose; "On the Lagunes" is the lament of one who has lost his lady love; "Absence" is of the same plaintive type; "The Tomb" is still more melancholy; "The Unknown Land" (*Dites la Jeune Belle*) is disappointing, chiefly because Gounod has so made it his own, that we cannot associate the playful words with any but his speaking melody. The English version, by F. Hueffer, is of very unequal merit.

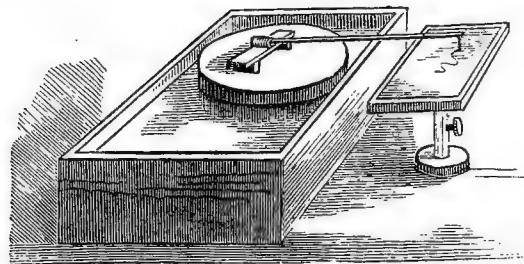
B. WILLIAMS.—It is a pity that Arthur H. Brown, who has composed "Twenty-five Original Pieces for the Organ and Harmonium," which are really excellent in their way, should have perpetrated the affectation of calling them all by French names, such as "Entrée," "Sortie," "Verset," "Offertoire," &c. With so thoroughly English a name the composer will do well to head his compositions with English titles. Barring this affectation, the *Organ Olio* may well find a place on the organist's desk.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Felicia Hemans' beautiful poem, "The Better Land," has been set so often by various composers, that we are surprised to find a new musical frame in which to re-set this gem. Charles Rawlings has succeeded in producing a ballad of medium compass, which deserves a good place in the list of this popular poetess's musical admirers (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—"Alone I Shall Weep" is the somewhat strong-minded farewell of an heroic damsel, who sends her lover off to the wars, and promises not to forget him if he will remember her. The words, of an heroic type, are by Albert Quain; the appropriate music by E. Peruzzi (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—A gorgeously-decorated frontispiece attracts immediate attention to an "Ave Maria," composed by E. Peruzzi; it is a smoothly written sacred song, with Italian and English words, which may well be added to the Sunday *répertoire* (F. Lucca, Milano).

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE last few years have seen the invention of a whole host of recording instruments,—contrivances which not only observe the progress of phenomena, but which actually leave a written account of them for subsequent examination and study. These instruments are principally used in meteorological work for recording wind pressure, duration of sunshine, and the like. But they have also been adapted to the solution of complex physiological problems, and their introduction into the consulting-room of the specialist marks a distinct advance in medical science. First we had the Sphygmograph, which, attached to a person's wrist, will draw a tracing representing the movements of the pulse. The same principle was next adapted to the beats of the heart. In like manner it became possible to measure the speed with which a thought suggested to the brain could be turned into an act directed by the will. The latest recording instrument of this type is the Kymograph, invented by Dr. Percy R. Wyde.

The use of this instrument is to record the involuntary movements of the hand, and it is of interest both on account of its probable use in the diagnosis of nervous affections, and in its bearing upon so-called spiritual manifestations. Its construction, as will be seen by the annexed diagram, is simple in the extreme.



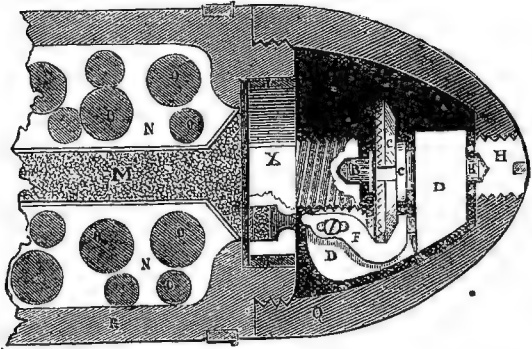
A vessel measuring 12 inches by 8½, with a depth of 3 inches, is filled with water. Upon the surface of the water floats a round disc. On the upper side of this disc is a kind of bridge bearing a socket in which rests a slender rod of vulcanite. This rod carries at its further extremity a needle, the point of which rests upon a surface of smoked glass. It will thus be seen that any movement of the vulcanite rod is immediately recorded as a scratch upon the tender surface of the blackened glass. In practice the fingers of the person experimented upon rest lightly on the little bridge above the float, and even with the steady hand of the skilled worker involuntary movements soon begin to leave their trace upon the glass. Perhaps the most curious fact elicited by these experiments is that both hands have an involuntary tendency to move in a lateral

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direction from right to left, a phenomenon which would at once account for the mysteries of "table-turning." It is also worthy of notice that the movements preserve a monotonous regularity, the needle travelling in a series of curves and undulations across the field, corresponding to the movements of the lungs and heart. There is therefore no difficulty in establishing the real motor power in their production. Several of these kymographic tracings have been published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, and some of them show some very curious features. Thus the sudden closing of a door causing reflex muscular movement is recorded as a confused tangle of lines in the midst of a comparatively regular diagram. A sneeze, or a laugh, is also noted as an unwonted interruption to the continuity of the trace. Dr. Wyld has devoted three years' labour to this interesting study, and he proposes to publish shortly some interesting results which he has obtained with the Kymograph.

Whilst many inventors are busily engaged in perfecting instruments, such as the above, which will aid in the diagnosis of disease, and indirectly in the preservation of life, there are others whose lives are spent in contriving engines of human destruction. So long as nations go to war will such implements be devised, and it may be that their ultimate awful perfection will lead the human family to devise some more rational method of settling their disputes. Of the deadly efficiency of the modern rifle in skilled hands we have lately had a terrible lesson in the Transvaal. But this lesson was not needed to prove to military men the necessity of something more than the common shell and solid shot to deal with bodies of opposing infantry. For this purpose the Shrapnel with its time-fuze came into use. When once the range is found—as it readily can be by well-known means—the Shrapnel speeds on its way, and if correctly timed will scatter its contained bullets with terrible effect in the face of a body of troops. The fact that the best of these time-fuzes are subject to variations in their rate of combustion, owing to dampness and other causes, has led to the invention of a fuze the performance of which is strictly mechanical. It is known as Berdan's distance-fuze for Shrapnel, and the accompanying diagram will explain its mechanism.

For the sake of clearness the Shrapnel shell, shown in section, may be described as consisting of two parts, firstly, the fuze mechanism, contained in the conical head of the shell, and secondly, the charge of powder and small bullets occupying the body of the projectile. The two are separated from one another by



the partition X. The fuze mechanism is hung upon a spindle B, pointed at each end, and so weighted by the heavy mass of metal D that it remains stationary as the projectile itself revolves in its flight (just as a small hand bag hanging on the wrist will remain at rest although the arm that supports it may be freely turned round). C is an index wheel having fifty teeth round its rear face. The outside of this wheel C is graduated so as to enable it to be "set" for any required distance. S is a slot cut in this wheel through which springs the firing-pin F, when the wheel has been turned to the point corresponding to the given distance to the enemy. The spur wheel E acts as a communicator of motion between the thread A which revolves with the projectile and the index wheel C. The number of teeth cut on A, E, and C are so combined that the index wheel will give but one revolution for the maximum range of the gun. It will thus be seen that when the index wheel has been set to any required distance and the gun is fired, it slowly turns on its axis until the slot S comes beneath the firing-pin F. When this occurs the pin F drops upon a detonating mixture just below it, and the main charge is immediately exploded. The first trials of this new fuze were made at Berlin, and we learn that Herr Krupp was so impressed with the result that he agreed to take out the necessary patents and to contract for its manufacture. Reports as to its performance have also been submitted to the English and other Governments. T. C. H.

A PARISH TOBACCO BOX

The most interesting, and, perhaps, most valuable tobacco box the kingdom, is that possessed by the overseers of the united

ago, at Horn Fair for fourpence, and presented in a fit of generosity by the owner, Mr. Monck, to his fellow overseers at one of their general meetings. Some time after this a silver rim was attached, with the name of the donor engraved upon it, and the box was then committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, through each of which annual officers it has descended to the present day. At intervals of a few years other plates, handsomely engraved or embossed, were added, notably one by Hogarth, fixed inside the lid. Eventually the horn box could afford no further space for these adornments; and it was decided that a case should be made for it. To this case were added, year by year, other silver plates, each recording some great national event, which custom has continued uninterruptedly ever since.

A new case, larger than its predecessor, and differing somewhat in general character, was supplied as the addition of new plates required. There are now no less than six cases, the last being made of oak, handsomely carved, and standing three feet high, one case alone containing sixty-two plates, some of which are excellent specimens of the engraver's art. Upon most of the plates are engraved portraits, architectural views in Westminster and neighbourhood, battles on land and sea, coronations, &c. The most interesting of these are representations of the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, portraits of Nelson, Duncan, Howe, and Vincent; also of Pitt and Fox, upon their death in 1806; a portrait of George IV. as Prince Regent; a view of the battle of Waterloo and an embossed portrait of Wellington; the interior of the House of Lords upon the Trial of Queen Caroline, 1821; the Coronation of George IV. The remaining plates contain inscriptions referring to events of national and local importance, including the wreck of the *Princess Alice*, and the erection of Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. In 1860 the box and cases were exhibited to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, at their request; and, later, to the Society of Antiquaries.—Our illustration is taken from a sketch of these interesting memorials now in the possession of Mr. Verity, of Knightsbridge.

BEYOND RAILWAYS

THAT there still remains a district within forty miles of London which in these busy days chiefly maintains the communication with the metropolis by means of a coach, strikes us as so pleasant a fact that we journey to the "Old Bell," Holborn, on purpose to inquire if it be true. There is something in the air of the inn that assures us it is not improbable. It is only necessary to look up the yard, with its galleries and hanging baskets of creepers, its booking office and spacious stabling, where the splashed gigs of the Essex farmers are standing, to recall without difficulty the scene of bustle attendant on the arrival or departure of the Wycombe and Oxford coach, the flutter of chambermaids and the eager attentions of Boots, the ringing of bells, and the comfortable figure of the landlady in the doorway, and to believe that such scenes can easily be re-enacted to-day. Indeed, in the yard, where the waiters are hurrying across from kitchen to coffee-room, there stands the vehicle that is to bear us if we please to Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, and the sibilant ostler, who is attacking the red wheels and pole with a mop, informs us that the start is made at three, and points us out the gentleman who is going to drive, and who will give us every information.

At three o'clock punctually we leave the inn yard, exciting no more comment than if we were an omnibus going to meet the train, rather than adventurers setting out on a journey of forty miles into an almost unknown region, where railways there are none, and where we are well nigh the only carriers. In our passage down Oxford Street and the Bayswater Road the driver finds time to inform us that the coach has been established for more than seventy years, that save for two days (at many years' distance apart) of great snow-storm, it has never failed to reach its destination, and he asks if we have read "Kilmeny," where coach and driver are mentioned, with something of the consciousness of being a well-known literary character. We have read "Kilmeny," and we discuss with him the situations and the plot, a discussion somewhat hampered by his duties compelling him to keep his eyes on both sides of the road. We collect our parcels at the "Green Man" and the Gloster Coffee House, and stopping for one moment at the Marble Arch to take up passengers, we drive through Notting Hill, Shepherd's Bush, and Acton, and find ourselves shortly on breezy Ealing Common, receiving the shrill salutations of nursemaids and children. At the "Coach and Horses," about nine miles from the start, we change our team, and to enliven the semi-suburban monotony of the road there is pointed out the original "Old Hat" inn, notorious for its aristocratic orgies of forty years ago, where the Marquis of Waterford jumped his horse across the parlour table, and otherwise distinguished himself. The neighbourhood is not a very cheerful one, for in addition to the Hanwell Asylum that comes in view, the cemeteries of Kensington and St. George's, Hanover Square, lie on either side of us. We cross the River Brent, and pass the Great Western Railway viaduct. As soon as that is behind us, we have done with railways, and enter a region as quiet and secluded as most of the country must have been fifty years ago. The rain, though it may have gone far to spoil the harvest, has done much to give the country a fresh and green aspect not common to it in September; and only on the elm has the fiery touch of autumn fallen, where high above us, as we pass under

and through the open door of a dismantled railway-carriage we have a glimpse of the owner in his shirt sleeves, taking tea. Leaving it, we enter the two or three miles of country known as Hayes, where the elder Disraeli owned some small property, and where the younger, in 1826, wrote "Vivian Grey," the first of the long series that terminated in "Endymion." Hayes is a large straggling tract, something of the South Mimms type on the St. Alban's Road, with the village far away to the left towards West Drayton, and an unnoticeable space of country on the right, almost barren of houses, until Hillingdon and Hillingdon Heath are reached, where, passing round the wall of the church (the keyhole of which is on a level with the top of Harrow's spire), the driver points with his whip to the grave of Dr. Dodd, who was hanged in 1777 for forging the signature of the Earl of Chesterfield, his former pupil. Hillingdon is but three miles distant from Uxbridge, and there at a quarter to six we draw up at the "King's Arms," and change our horses for the second time. Across the Colne, the famous stream beloved of Walton, we are in Buckinghamshire, and drive through the prosperous farm land of Mr. King, who farms hereabouts three thousand acres, and at harvest time pays away 750*l.* a-week for labour, and with mist stealing along the side of the Chalfont Valley cross the heath of Gerrard's Cross, 250 feet above the sea, and pronounced by Sir W. Ferguson to be the healthiest spot in Great Britain. Here an artist under a white umbrella is packing up his materials for the night.

Dusk closes on us as we descend Cold Hill, past the house where the terrible Judge Jeffries was wont to recruit himself after his labours on the bench, and splashing through the ford at Chalfont St. Peter's draw up at the "Greyhound." The village slumbers, apparently oblivious of its proud past, when eight coaches passed through it daily on the road to Aylesbury and Oxford. Few but the landlord of the inn are old enough to remember those glorious days, but for them it must almost be a return to youth to stand at their doors and watch us go past. At the "Greyhound" there is a muster of gossips to see the last of a neighbour, an old lady, who stoutly refuses to go inside, and whom the boys cannot refrain from cheering as she gallantly climbs the step and takes a seat behind us. In the gathering darkness we creep along the vale, while the stars begin to glitter overhead, through Chalfont St. Giles, where in the year of the Plague, in the house bought for him by Elwood, the Quaker, Milton dictated "Paradise Lost," and where he remained until the Great Fire purified the metropolitan atmosphere. We pause for more passengers at a door where a band of light streams across the road, and in drowsy Amersham (which in the old days returned its two members to Parliament) we make our final change at half-past seven, and descending for a few moments feel that our pilgrimage is cheered by listening outside to a young lady singing "Thy Face I Never See" within a lighted house. There is something in the stillness and the brilliancy of the night that enforces silence upon us. Overhead the stars, and far below them the white mists wreathing in the vale—the scene is so beautiful that the ordinary thoughts and fancies of life can find no utterance. We leave the main road and pass through Little Missenden lying on our left. Its sheltered beauties are undetected by us in the darkness; we pass white walls and gardens lying so calm and undisturbed that their night odours float to us unhindered by any breeze, and the peace is only broken by our good-nights as at the inn door we deposit a traveller who descends by the light of a candle held aloft in the still air. At Missenden we take more parcels and one more passenger, and as the night freshens make for Wendover. Here we can see through the darkness that the hills begin to gather about us, and as we approach we detect the shades and wooded heights of the Chilterns. Not the Chilterns with which the Parliamentary student is familiar—they are situate in Berkshire, to be appointed Steward of one of which Courts of the Hundred is considered a place of such profit as to vacate a seat in the House. The old Hundred Courts established by Alfred were long ago merged in the County Courts, save and except those of the Berkshire Chilterns, which have been by privilege annexed to the Crown, a privilege which the Crown still exercises in appointing officers at a salary of 20*s.* a year with all fees. Turning into the town we are saluted by inquiries as to the winner of the St. Leger, but unable to give any reply beyond a rumour heard in Uxbridge, which turns out to be incorrect, we drive into the yard of the "Red Lion," and paying our fares by the light of an ancient horn lantern, held by a boy whom everybody abuses for his unsteadiness, we seek the hospitality of our inn. It is of a kind that comforts us after so fresh a drive, and we presently fall into a refreshing sleep.

In the morning we are awakened at cock crow by the twittering of swallows already preparing for their autumnal flight. The little town is profoundly peaceful in the keen grey air. From one end of it to another there sounds the splashing of the water that issues from a pipe beneath the belfry, standing alone, and covered with the scarlet Virginia creeper. The sun has not yet struck upon the hills, whose summits are thickly wooded with the beech, but aloft there float some clouds of purple and gold that herald his approach.

At seven precisely we leave the yard, and resume our journey back to town. We pass the oats, cut ready to be stacked, in the fields that join the changing woods; the Friends' Meeting House, with its quiet, nameless graves, and the church, with the white headstones gleaming in the morning air. Our road is a lonely one, we meet no travellers, except an occasional labourer, or an occasional cart, with the driver lying at the bottom asleep. On the hillside there are the steaming horses at work at the early autumnal ploughing, and along the hedges and on the mountain ash there glitter in the dew those heavy clusters of berries that are supposed to foretell a hard winter. At Missenden and along the road we augment our number: two schoolboys going back to school at Ealing, whose play boxes are hoisted behind, and who, in the sturdy determination to shed no tears, prefer to remain stoically silent; a potato grower bitterly lamenting the rain; a youth in charge of ten feet of water-pipe, which much embarrasses him and us; a domestic servant returning after a holiday, and an old lady who keeps her money in her glove, and regards us all as highwaymen. These are constantly changing; we drive up the Bayswater Road with but one left of the company, the potato-grower, who is apparently about to forget the sorrows of a deficient harvest in the dissipation of the Dairy Exhibition at Islington. To our driver, as we descend, we offer the suggestion that few things could be pleasanter than to arrive in Wendover by coach on Saturday night, spend Sunday in wandering on the hills, and return by the coach again on Monday morning. The idea does not appear to have occurred to him or to any one before, no one ever comes his way on pleasure, he complains in a depressed tone of voice, engendered by the American victory in the St. Leger, and no one ever will, whatever they may have done fifty years ago. With which complaint, uttered with his head in the boot, where he is groping after parcels, we leave him, and lose ourselves in Holborn.

WALTER POWELL

A PETRIFIED GIRL is being shown at the Milan Exhibition. By some mysterious process a Florence medico has reduced the corpse of a girl of eighteen to the semblance of marble, the body having become perfectly white and hard.

VILLAGE ATHLETIC SPORTS in Lower Bavaria are of somewhat novel character. At Langdorf the villagers vie in the hardness of their respective skulls, banging them against doors and walls, and the champion of this peculiar exercise can break the strongest room door with his head, or even a heavy barnyard gate.

TRANSATLANTIC POST CARDS are decidedly more elaborate than their European counterparts. Many are gorgeously illuminated with quaint designs of birds, flowers, and fishes, but the favourite decoration is the symbol of each day—the sun for Sunday, the moon for Monday, &c., with the name of the day in Saxon letters.

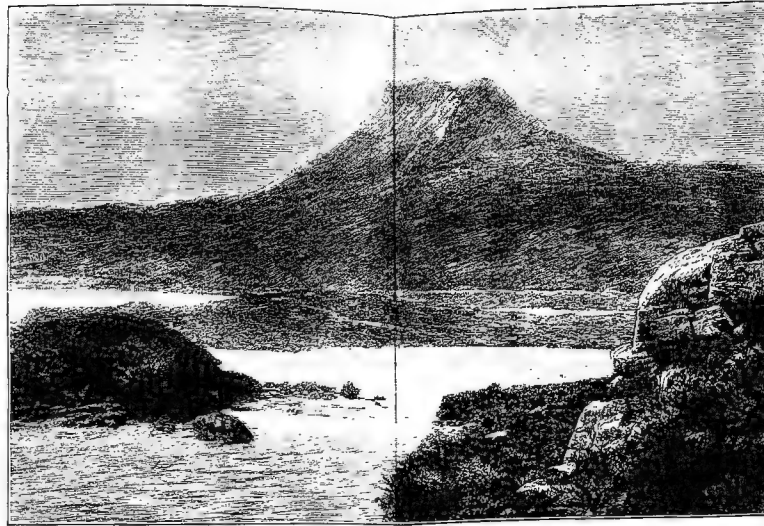


parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster. The original box was bought, more than a hundred and sixty years

an avenue, hang the sere and yellow branches that tell of the decay-ing season. Southall lies peaceful in the mild splendour of the sun,



WEST SIDE OF HANDA ISLAND



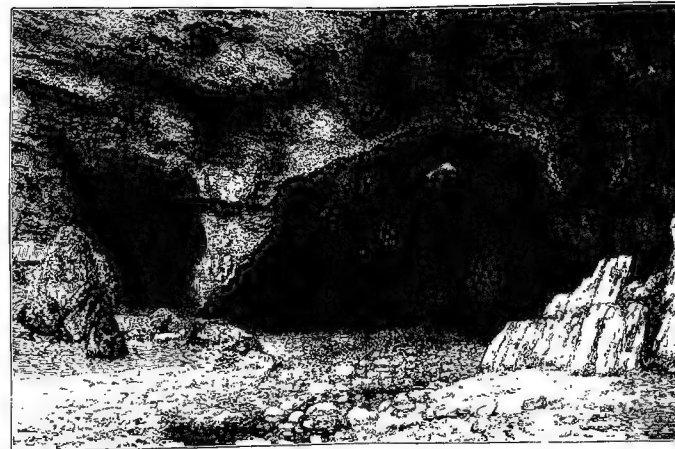
"STACK POLLY," FROM LOCH LURGAN, COIGACH



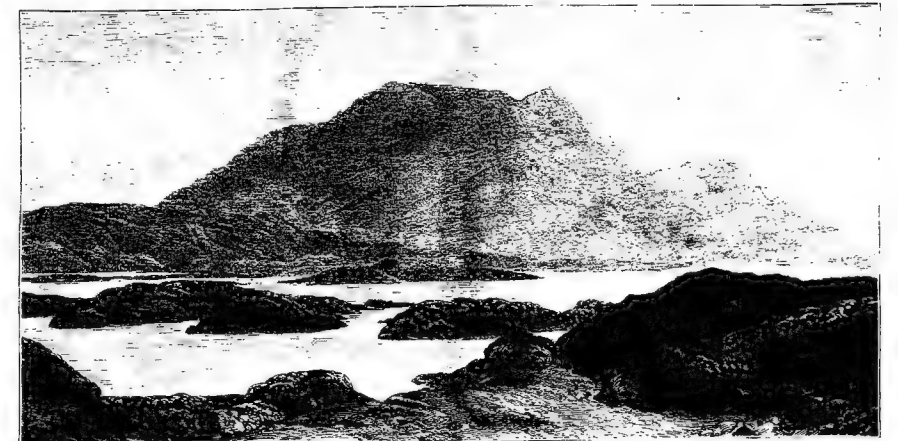
BADCALL BAY, EDRACHILLES



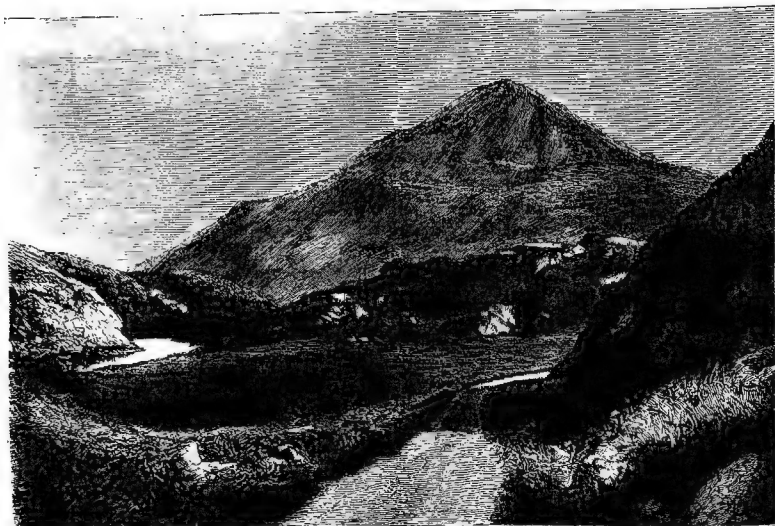
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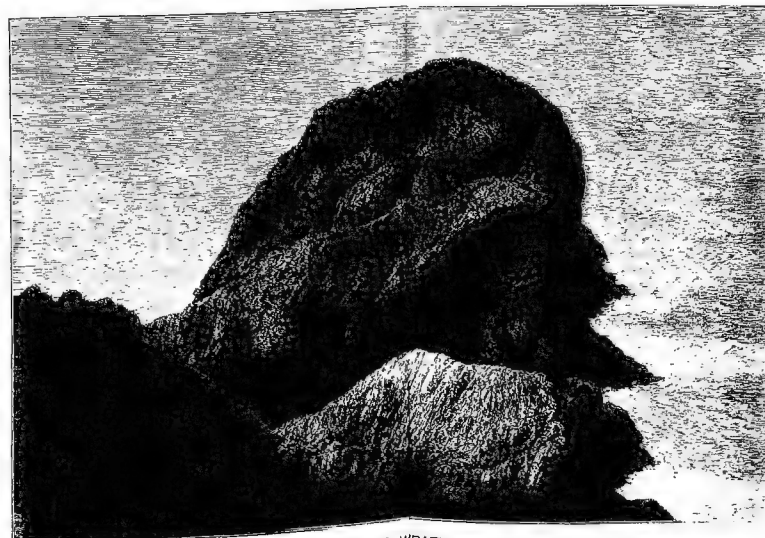
THE SMOO CAVE, NEAR DURNESS



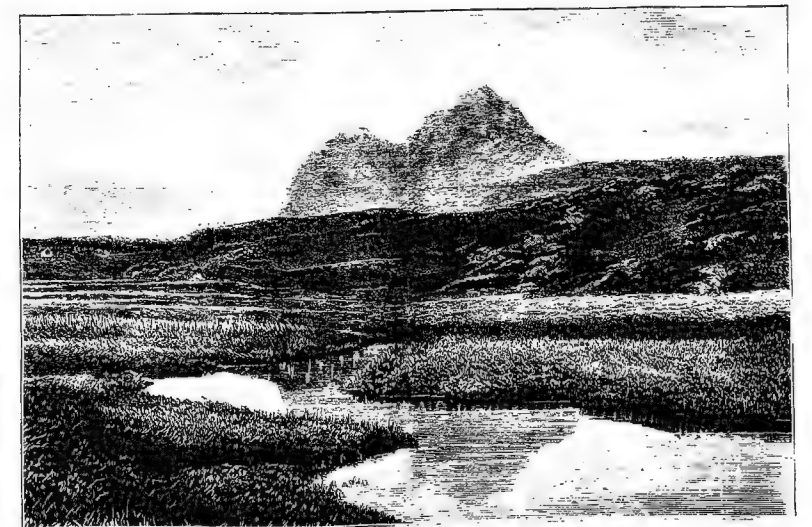
LOCH SHEANASKAIG AND COULMORE



BEN STACK



CAPE WRATH



SÜLVEN, ASSYNT

COAST AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SUTHERLAND



THERE is a vast amount of information in "The Universal Instructor, Vol. 1" (Ward and Lock); and so there ought to be, for its pretensions are by no means moderate. It not only undertakes to give "self-culture to all," but to be "an University at home" for students who are hindered by slender means from "attending personally" at any of the great seats of learning. Promises like those so freely made in the introduction are to our mind mischievous rather than useful. A good education is only in a sense "the best of all fortunes;" and many things besides a knowledge of the chief facts of ancient and modern history, and a smattering of geology, chemistry, music, and Latin are needful to ensure success in the world's struggle. If, however, a young man is careful to discount the introductory promises, and to pay due heed to the moral teaching interspersed among the other papers under the title of "Friendly Counsels," he cannot fail to get a great deal of good out of Messrs. Ward's "complete encyclopædia of learning." He will want help—the chemistry papers, for instance, will do little for him unless he has a chemist-friend who will go through some laboratory work with him. What is the use of an engraving of the *eudiometer* unless a man can see and use one? The same with French, and even penmanship; the "instructor" will need a living exponent, its chief value being that it will set many at work who but for it would never have thought of working. The papers strike us as of unequal value. Those on music are too grandiloquent—what better idea do we get of a motet from being told that it is an anthem composed in the polyphonic style? Those on geology seem specially good and clear; so are those on Latin—Dr. Leary notes (what every one who takes up his Thucydides after College days is sure to feel) that the Romans, not the Greeks, were a "nation of grammarians." The book contains a vast amount of information of one kind or another, and compares favourably with other attempts in the same direction.

Of course no one without access to a good laboratory will care to take up Mr. J. Bell's book on tea, coffee, cocoa, and sugar. It is the first part of "The Analysis and Adulteration of Food" (Chapman and Hall), with which subject the Committee of Council on Education have begun their South Kensington Science Handbooks. Mr. Bell's name is guarantee for the correctness of his details and the perfectness of his processes. Some of these are puzzling; the determination, for instance, of the amount of fat in a given sample of coffee. The illustrations show the value of the microscope in dealing with food samples. The tea leaf magnified looks strangely unlike the sloe, or willow, or elder with which it is so often mixed. Mr. Bell gives no answer to the difficulty why, seeing green and black tea are the same leaf, their properties should be so distinct. It should be remembered that the preparations to which his book is a guide are to be seen not at South Kensington, but at Bethnal Green.

The compilers of "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell and Co.) are much more ambitious than the late M. Littré. To combine such portentous words as bromoargentotype and bosjemanite with vulgarisms like buss (from *basio*) and bustle (from *bust*)? the same article being also called bishop (!) never entered into that most laborious Comtist's plan. Even Ireland under Gladstone adds its quota; and Boycotting, with its derivatives, contributes nearly a column to the volume. At this rate, and if all such compounds as Dryden's "brother-angel" are to be inserted, the encyclopædists will want a library to themselves. The joke is carried too far when *boreen*, Irish for a small path, is given, while the much more common Irish word *bouchal* does not occur at all. But then *boreen* has a quotation from the *Daily News* as its voucher, and doubtless the encyclopædists hold to Cobden's view about the superiority of a daily paper to "all the works of Thucydides," not to speak of Carleton and Lever. The dictionary would gain immensely by being reduced to a third of its bulk.

"Farming With Pleasure and Profit" seems such a satire on things as they are that we do not wonder Messrs. Roland and Ablett have left out the heading of the series with which their names are associated. Their new volume is simply entitled "The Management of Grass Land" (Chapman and Hall), a tempting subject now that so much arable land is thrown on the landlord's hands. At first sight nothing seems easier than to lay down pasture. You may either clean the land thoroughly, and follow up your autumn sowing by sprinkling in some extra grass-seed in February, or you may turf it on the old Norfolk plan (largely followed in New Zealand) of laying down three-inch squares of grass six inches apart. In this way an acre of old turf will plant nine acres; but the thing is to make it grow. Virgil knew that all soils won't carry everything; and a man may be ruined in the process of trying to get good grass off land on which wheat is a tolerably certain crop. Moreover, land doctors differ as widely as does the faculty in other departments; Liebig and Boussingault, for instance, contradict one another point blank on the value of nitrogenous manures. Mr. Roland does his best to guide us through all this labyrinth of opinion and practice. He warns us that different grasses suit different soils, and reminds us that if we pare and burn clay land, we must burn it wet, else we shall turn our clods into bricks. It must also be remembered that in Wilts and Iants, and in many parts of Ireland, burning unsuitable land has been very mischievous. Mr. Roland's account of the various grasses and clovers is sure to be useful; and what he says about scientific farming—having a book for each field, and restoring in manure what is taken off in the crop—is well worth attention.

During the exile of the First Napoleon at St. Helena he said: "The number of my brothers and sisters was of great service, by enabling me to multiply my relations and means of influence;" and certainly (in spite of family quarrels) the Bonaparte clan pursued their own aggrandisement with remarkable singleness of mind. Whoever cares to see how this object was helped by matrimony should read the Hon. D. A. Bingham's "Marriages of the Napoleons" (Longmans). Here, in two volumes, we have not only the story of Mlle. Colombier and Manesca Pillet and the mature widow Permon, and all the others to whom the young Artillery lieutenant proposed, but a full record of whom his brothers and his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, honoured with their alliance. It is not very edifying, but it shows us the state to which France was reduced when its despot was seriously thinking of polygamy as a means of recruiting his armies. Of course there is a good deal of history mixed up with all this—Josephine, for instance, was near being supplemented by a Russian princess. There is also plenty for the scandal-lovers.

Mr. Dutton Cook's "Hours with the Players" (Chatto and Windus) is more systematic than Lord W. Lennox's book on the same subject, and we think it is more amusing. Mr. Cook confines himself to the United Kingdom; but, ranging from Will Mountford and Peg Woffington to Fechter, he has room for any amount of old and new play-house gossip. How cruelly Garrick jilted Mistress Woffington; how hard he was on Miss Pope about a question of salary; how well it paid the actors and actresses of a century ago to take a trip to Dublin; in what poor reputes they were held when Horace Walpole could say of O'Brien's marriage with Lord Ilchester's daughter: "Even a footman was preferable." Such are some of Mr. Cook's *ana* of the good old times. O'Brien and Lady Susan, by the way, are the originals of Thackeray's Mr. Hagan and Lady Maria Esmond, but unfortunately O'Brien, being a Roman Catholic, could not take Holy Orders as Mr. Hagan in the

story does. "The divine Baddeley," "la belle Smidson" and her uncomfortable husband Perioz, Perdita Robinson and all the extinct scandals connected with her, Miss Cushman and Rachel, all come before us in these two volumes of pleasantly-told chit-chat. The book is a rare treat to enthusiasts for the stage, while readers in general will find it just the thing wherewith to while away the ten minutes before dinner.

Professor Blackie is always interesting as well as instructive. He has his crotchets—about modern Greek, for instance; but the crotchets of one who had the energy, mere Lowlander though he is, to thoroughly master the Gaelic language and literature after he had passed middle life, are sure to be worth something. His "Lay Sermons" (Macmillan) were delivered on Sunday evenings to Dr. Guthrie's Young Men's Association; and the title is characteristic, seeing that they include an essay on Landlords and Land Law, and an historical panegyric on the Covenanters. Professor Blackie's views on land are well known; yet he is fully awake to the value of a territorial aristocracy which has always been in the front rank in agricultural improvement, and he shrewdly remarks: "It is only the large proprietor who can conceive the idea of landscape gardening; even our biggest farmers are mostly utilitarians." The gardening; even our biggest farmers are mostly utilitarians." The whole "sermon" is thoughtfully written; so is that on Faith, on which and on the Sabbath his views must have startled (not to say shocked) the older "Young Men" who heard him. The book is a wonderful proof of how things are moving on in Scotland; and the appendix, on the metaphysics of Genesis i., and on the retrogression implied in accepting a personal devil, shows the Professor to be as *au fait* at Hebrew theology and Spinozism as at Gaelic literature. We do not, of course, endorse all Professor Blackie's views; but we are glad to recommend a book which is full of thought as well as of genial Christian charity.

NIL DESPERANDUM

IN the crowded city street,
Unrewarded and neglected,
Mid the rush of hurrying feet
Solitary, sad, dejected,
Stands with violin in hand
One by fame and fortune slighted,
One of Orpheus' scattered band—
Scattered, but in heart united.
Now, with tears, he turns away:
When a passing stranger lingers,
Begs his violin to play—
Sways the chords with jewelled fingers.
While the thrilling tones that rise
Stop the teeming tide of traffic,
As the genius in disguise
Moves their souls with sounds seraphic.
And the scorned one, scorned so long,
Reaps, with gratitude and gladness,
All the harvest that the throng
Shower in storms of gleeful madness.
Ah! sometimes, too, when the bard,
Silent, sad, is slowly turning
From the world, whose cold regard
Wears his heart with wasted yearning;
From the realm of greater souls
Flies, to touch the lips that falter,
Some bright seraph, with the coals
Caught from an immortal altar.
So commissioned, so inspired,
Ah! what eyes with rapture glisten,
While he sings, with genius fired,
And the world stands still to listen.

WILFRED B. WOOLIAM



"PURITY UNWIN; THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP," by Sydney Warrington (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is founded upon a curiously unnatural situation. A lady of rank, Lady Clarissa Unwin-Deane, imagines that she will obtain her husband's affection if she can make him the father of a son. Her belief is altogether without a pretence of reason, but she nevertheless exchanges, as she thinks, her newly-born daughter for the newly-born boy of a Mrs. Unwin, her distant cousin and devoted friend. But in this also she is mistaken. Lady Clarissa has really given birth to a son, and Mrs. Unwin to a daughter. But the latter mother pretends that the exchange has been made in order that her own girl may obtain future advantage from the great lady's belief that the girl and not the boy is really hers. The situation is complex in itself, and is of course the cause of still more grievous complexities. If the reader can once make up his mind to accept the monstrously incredible nature of the plot, and the original want of sufficient motive on the part of the principal characters, he will find in this short romance a considerable amount of more legitimate interest. Purity, the girl, is a peculiar and to some extent an original character, and Mrs. Unwin's treachery to her friendship with Lady Clarissa, even while that friendship never ceases to be a passion, affords a study of really human and natural inconsistency that deserves to have been based upon better and more solid grounds. If the men are rather stagey, the women are always well drawn. The plot, though in the form of a mystery, will be found rather improved by a previous knowledge of how it will be solved, and a marriage between the changelings is of course a foregone conclusion from the beginning. On the whole, Sydney Warrington evidently knows how to write a story, but has yet to learn how to invent one.

Miss E. Owens Blackburne needs to be taken to task severely. Whenever she writes an Irish novel—and her Irish novels are always welcome—her exceptional knowledge of the country and her spirited style of going carry her safely and even triumphantly over the ground in spite of a peculiar talent for rashness and inaccuracy. But out of Ireland she never shows herself at home. Her spirits leave her, and she drifts into the conventional, the slipshod, and the tame. We were afraid of what was going to happen when we saw that her latest novel (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) was called "The Love that Loves Away." That hackneyed refrain was safe to be ground on barrel organs, played on violins, and sung on the most inappropriate occasions throughout any number of pages that might follow. And such proves the case. Of love, there is nothing in the story worth mentioning: of the sort of love suggested by the song, nothing at all. But that does not prevent the refrain from doing its duty, till, by way of climax, the hero is requested to sing it by way of celebrating his joy at having won his bride. Miss Blackburne will surely not, on consideration, regard the song as very complimentary to the lady. A stronger instance of this want of sense of fitness is shown by her making an honourable gentleman, as a matter of course, refuse to pay a just debt because he was able to prove his creditor guilty of a crime. Another absurdity is her hero's death of a love disappointment in a few hours: though no doubt there may be sentimental precedents in other novels. If Miss Blackburne cares to retain her high position

as a novelist, she must never write stories like this again, or venture to think that she, any more than the best writer who ever lived, can afford to dispense with common care and pains. Her exceptional merits entitle her to the privilege of exceptional severity when her work falls below them.

"The Skeleton in the House," translated from the German of Friedrich Spielhagen into rather American English by M. J. Safford (Trübner and Co.), is the most original piece of comical extravagance that has appeared for a long time. The grim title is a piece of solemn mystification, and the reader is played with till at last he hardly knows whether he is reading farce or tragedy. As the whole story is contained in a small paper-covered volume of some 150 pages, there is no occasion to describe, in detail, a semi-serious joke that can be enjoyed so quickly and easily. A new idea for a farce—and from Germany—deserves to be welcomed.

"Lorimer and Wife" (Trübner and Co.), by Margaret Lee, is another paper-covered novel from the same American publisher, G. W. Harlan, of New York. This is a native American story: very quiet, with no marked individuality, and almost too little open to any sort of objection. As a description of common-place New York Society it has an interest which does not extend to the story. On the whole, though free from the worse as well as from the better peculiarities of modern American fiction, it belongs to that increasingly large class of imported literature which is not worth importing. When we read in the advertisement that "this new, brilliant, and powerfully interesting narrative is one of the most effective examples of earnest and artistic authorship in the whole range of recent dramatic fiction," we can only say that the novelist yields to the advertiser in the matter of imagination. The novel is good enough, as novels go.

THE KANAKA IN QUEENSLAND

ALMOST as great an institution in the colony as the Chinaman is the South Sea Islander, Polynesian or Kanaka, as he is indifferently named. Wherever the traveller penetrates, be it to the north, south, east, or west of the colony, he is sure to encounter the *bête noire* of the Abolitionists, if I may so designate them, the Polynesian. He is employed in almost every conceivable menial capacity. Here we find him, half-nude, working under the broiling summer's sun, trashing or hoeing sugar-cane, or picking cotton—there he is stewing and perspiring over the sugar-pans in a boiling-house—anon he is to be seen in the planter's kitchen, preparing as good a dinner as if he had never been accustomed to the primitive cooking apparatus, comprising a hole in the ground and a few hot stones, peculiar to his native island. Next he appears as a nurse wheeling the baby about in a perambulator. By the bye, what a ridiculous appearance he often presents when engaged in the feminine occupation of baby-jumper. Imagine a huge, brawny, tawny savage, over six feet high, with limbs like a Hercules, trotting up and down the street or the beach with a minute baby, lustily squalling, reposing in the hollow of his arm. Perhaps he carries a parasol to shade the infant recumbent from the too fierce rays of the sun. Every now and then he smiles benignantly on his charge. Does this gentle giant give one the idea of a race of cannibals? Can one conceive of such an amiable-looking monster driving a knife into Captain Cook, clubbing Bishop Patteson, cutting up and roasting missionaries and other intruders? Impossible, you will say. Not at all impossible. In all likelihood our amiable nurse hails from Tanna and Erromanga, and the thews and sinews you so much admire are possibly the result of roast missionary and boiled enemy. I have furthermore seen Kanakas employed on stations as stockmen. These islanders, who never saw a horse till they came to Queensland will, as soon as they get accustomed to the strange "swift cow," get fearlessly on his back, and, despite a few capsize, will very soon learn to ride after stock, especially if they begin when young.

Did I ever see one begging? No, I can't say I ever did. In fact I go further, and say, I never saw a hard-up Islander. A white man, in receipt of 17. a week and his rations, is commonly in a state of chronic impecuniosity, but the Kanaka, who receives 67. per annum for three years, and a yearly rig out of a pair of canvas pants, a cotton shirt, and a straw hat, is never without cash. I have had Islanders in my own employ who had banking accounts varying from 307. to 1207. Of course this was not the result of the saving of 67. per annum. But at the end of their term of servitude they are at liberty to return home to their respective islands, or they may stay in the colony, and work for wages in the same manner as white men. A great many of the Kanakas have proved themselves such smart and useful hands on plantations that their employers, rather than part with them, have given them the highest white man's wages, and it is then that they begin to lay by money. They usually work when their time is out for eight or ten shillings per week with rations, and they seldom require much looking after when they are on regulation wages. They are knowing fellows, some of these "boys," as they are called. On one occasion I had hired a dozen of them at eight shillings per week each, for the crushing season on my plantation. On a certain day I told Charlie, who was spokesman for the rest, "Charlie, begin crush to-morrow. You mind all 'um boy up long mill six o'clock."

"All right, Massa," quoth Charlie. That evening there were assembled at the entrance gate at the house a knot of "boys" who were being harangued by Charlie.

Now, be it known that all the plantations in the district were about commencing crushing operations, and consequently men were scarce.

Master Charlie fully comprehended this position of affairs, and he had carefully explained the matter to his mates.

The consequence was the gathering of the clan at my gate. At last Charlie opened the gate, and came up to the verandah.

"Well, Charlie. What now?" said I.

"Massa, I think all 'um boy get more money."

"More money! What for?"

"Massa goin' cluss to-morrow?"

"Yes, Charlie. Crush to-morrow. You bin tell 'um boy come up plenty early?"

"Yes, Massa. I think 'spose all 'um boy no get money, all 'um boy go."

This was rather a sell, but I determined to score it against Master Charlie, who was evidently a regular sea lawyer.

"All 'um boy go?" I said. "What for go? Eight shillings good wages, I think it."

"No, Massa, all 'um boy say no get 'um 'nuff. 'Spose massa give ten shilling—stop—'spose only eight—no stop."

"Why, what the devil do you mean, you black scoundrel? Didn't you all agree to come for eight shillings?" I roared.

"Yes, Massa. That a long time ago. No more whitefellow, no more Sou' Sea boy now. Altogether cluss 'long mill. Massa Davy want 'um boy; he give ten shilling. Massa Dixon, he want, give it ten shilling. 'Spose Massa no give it, all 'um boy go stop 'long Massa Dixon. You sabe?"

Here was a long-headed scoundrel. He knew he was right, and that if he and his mates left, I should be put to serious inconvenience, as I should have to go to town to hunt up men, and, perhaps be delayed a fortnight. However, I put a bold face on the matter. I reflected that if I discharged this fellow, he was quite capable of summoning me to Court for wrongful dismissal. I therefore determined to make him discharge himself.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "I give no more money. You come up to-morrow, and go to work 'long mill."

"No, Massa. 'Spose no more money—no more work. All 'um boy go Albert River."

(Continued on page 448.)

BIRTHS
On the 18th inst., at 95, Linden Gardens, Nottingham Hill, the wife of J. A. DICKENS, of a daughter.
On the 21st inst., at 50, Crowndale Road, N.W., the wife of F. H. HANWELL, of a son.

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Unsmoothness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of
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skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, white-
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irritates the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE
is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while
colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post,
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A LIQUID DENTIFRICE.
The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.
This elegant and approved preparation may be used
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guards them against decay, improves and preserves the
enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefitting their
colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent,
the Tincture is widely esteemed and in increasing
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BERBERINE,
FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS.
A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and
removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the
Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by
stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action,
removing Bile, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostra-
tion. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and
Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and con-
comitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists,
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OZONISED OIL,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE HAIR.
By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished
and its natural appearance improved, but decay and
weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and pre-
judicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately
valuable to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as
OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens
the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and
may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d.,
and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE
FOR THE TEETH.
Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists
evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the
exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as
crambs), and while giving security and ease, causes no
inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and
does not impede mastication. The application is simple.
Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d.
and 3s.

CHILBLAIN LINIMENT,
TESTED AND APPROVED.
The experience of a steadily increasing demand
during the past several Winters sufficiently proves that
this most serviceable but unpretentious Remedy for
Chilblains speedily effects their removal, and soothes
their painful and irritating sensations. Complete direc-
tions with the bottles. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by
post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS,
SPECIALLY PREPARED.
These powders are applicable to both Children and
Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms,
especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascarides) which
are the pests of infants. Intestinal worms of larger
dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders
with remarkable facility, and consequently adults or
persons in years will find relief, the efficacy of the
preparation (CHENOPODIUM ANTHELMINTICUM)
being quite unquestionable. While the appetite
and general health are improved, together with tone to
the system, the Powders create no nausea, and are in
no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, free.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine.
SPECIALLY PREPARED
FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.
This reliable Specific possesses numerous important
features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system,
relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the
Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits,
and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement,
and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-
weariness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each
bottle, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d.,
3s., and 5s.

THE NEW TOILET REQUISITE.
DORÉ'S GLYCERINE SOAP
(TRANSPARENT).
This specially-useful and very beautiful preparation
becomes a favourite in popular and fashionable circles.
It purifies and softens the skin, removes Roughness,
prevents Chaps and the effects of exposure, is delightful
to use and of beautiful appearance. DORÉ'S TRANS-
PARENT GLYCERINE SOAP is sold in Tablets, 3d.,
4d., and 6d. each; in Bars, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; in
Shaving Sticks, 6d. and 1s.; and in Boxes, 6d., 1s.,
and 1s. 6d. each. All Chemists, and by

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HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
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FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

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MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL
PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance)
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Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of
MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable
description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied
at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if
purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENCY
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THE BEST CRAPES,
THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this
desirable manner solely to the order of PETER
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Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard.
Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d.
to 4s. 6d.
PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse,
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FASHION AND ECONOMY.
DRESS AND FASHION.
BAKER and CRISP'S New
Autumn Cloaks, Coats, Costumes, Ulsters,
Gowns, Velveteens, &c.

With that Mr. Charles took himself off with an air which plainly indicated that he thought he had the best of it.

After tea he came again.

"Well, Charlie, what now?"

"Massa, I think six boy go, six boy stop."

"You go, too, Charlie?"

"Yes. I think I go, s'pose pay it six boy wages."

"All right. You stop one minute."

Charlie lit his pipe and sprawled on the verandah whilst I went in and wrote six cheques, deducting a week's wages from each for leaving without notice. They were on white terms, and I determined to treat them as whites. When I came out and explained the matter to Charlie, he point-blank refused to accept the cheques.

"S'pose you no pay it all—you keep it all," he said.

I called out the sugar-boiler, and asked him to witness that I tendered the men their wages less a week. His opinion was that they should be kicked off the plantation without a cent. Off went Charlie to pack up, and I followed him to the men's quarters. Then I called out the six who determined to remain, and raised their wages to ten shillings.

Charlie and the rest wanted to stay then, but it was too late. I decided not to have any such disaffected crew on the place, so I saw them safely off. Next morning early Charlie came back and concluded to accept the men's cheques, less the week. I paid him, and thought I had done with him, but the knowing rascal went to the police magistrate at the nearest town and to the Immigration Agent, and lodged a complaint that he and five other boys had been sent away from my service without any wages. Of course, I easily disproved the statement. The last I heard of Charlie he had turned native teacher or missionary, or something else. I hope his flock will profit by his ministrations.

This will give some idea of how this downtrodden enslaved people are ill-treated and abused by Queensland planters.

I will take another case which happened only lately. A planter at Maryborough found his sugar punt one Sunday caught under a wharf, and likely to sink. He ran to the huts and called out some boys to get to work and save the punt. They refused to go, or even to leave the huts. One of them named Jimmy, their acknowledged leader, said: "What for you make boy work to-day? You think boy work on Sunday?" &c. The planter was so enraged at this perverted piety, that he took a stick and gave the boy a crack across the shins, which had the effect of starting them all to the punt. Now what was the result? The Kanaka Jimmy sued his employer at the Maryborough Police Court for assault and battery, and recovered damages. Another phase of the horrors of slavery in Queensland.

As a rule, however, when the boys have been a few years in the colony they understand the Masters' and Servants' Act sufficiently to make very trustworthy servants. It is when they first arrive that their savage instincts render them a source of considerable danger to their employer. Of course they understand very little about work. In their own islands, either they have dawdled through life allowing the women to raise food for them, or else they have done a little work for the missionaries—work accomplished more by force of numbers than by actual exertion of each individual. As a consequence, when they arrive they are flabby and lazy, and require an immense deal of watching. It has not seldom happened that they have turned upon their overseers, who have had on some occasions to fly for their lives. The Tanna men particularly, although the best workmen, are the most savage and treacherous. Two of these fellows, employed on a plantation on the Herbert River, made a determined attempt to murder their master. He was at a party one evening, and these two fellows went up the verandah steps armed with cane knives, which they concealed behind their backs. On his appearing, and asking them what they wanted, they edged up closer to him, and said "You, Massa, belongin' me."

He then saw the knives in their hands. He ordered them to put down the knives and go back to their quarters, but all the reply he got was, "You Massa belongin' me. Bimeby no more Massa."

S—thought it about time to take prompt measures if he wished to save his life. He was very powerful, and understood the use of his fists. He at once let drive a tremendous blow in the face, right and left, at each of his would-be assailants. The verandah was high, and as each flew through space, he concluded before touching ground that the moment was inopportune for effecting their purpose. They therefore slunk home, determined to await a better opportunity. That opportunity soon came.

S—used to ride alone over the plantation every day. One day he took some dynamite with him, intending to get some fish out of the river. He had occupied himself thus for a short time, when some of the boys began to gather round him. Suddenly a cartridge exploded in his hand and shattered the limb to pieces. Here was an opportunity for the savages!

They now exhibited the extraordinary mobility of their passions. Instead of falling on the helpless man and murdering him, their sympathies were roused, and they carefully carried him to the house, a distance of two miles.

These same Islanders were noted for their antipathy to the native blacks, who were very numerous and hostile, on the Herbert River. One of the latter had perpetrated a diabolical murder on an Islander. He had passed his hand into the window of the boy's hut, and tomahawked him in his sleep. After this it was noticed that bands of Kanakas, chiefly Tanna men, used to make expeditions on Sunday into the neighbouring scrubs. Some time afterwards it was discovered that they went for the purpose of hunting blackfellows, whom they used to kill with their cane knives. Some people aver that they were caught in the cannibal practice of roasting and eating their dead enemy, but this was not substantiated.

A remarkable characteristic of the Kanaka imported into Queensland is the faculty he possesses of dying at will without any apparent cause. Several cases have come under my notice of Islanders who, although in apparently robust health, made up their minds to quit this earthly scene, and did so. They took to their bunks, turned their faces to the wall, and, refusing to be comforted, gave up the

watches and Albert chains, hats with immaculate puggaries, well-polished boots, and silk parasols of all colours. They spare no expense in their toilet, and they certainly look most respectable members of society. The contrast between them and their newly arrived brethren with their woolly heads reddened by means of lime, their bare feet, and their coarse cotton shirts is most ridiculous. The effects of civilisation are markedly apparent in their clothing and manners.

It has been, and still is the fashion of a certain class to denounce the Polynesian labour traffic, as slavery under another name. If the Abolitionists would see things as they really are, and not colour them through the medium of their rabid imagination, they would be forced to arrive at the conclusion that coloured labour of some description is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the sugar industry. Nowhere in the colony, where white labour has been tried in connection with sugar-growing, has it proved a success. Out of numberless instances of the value of the Kanaka on plantations, let me give only two. On a certain plantation on the Albert

River, a planter thought that his Kanakas were not trashing cane as fast as they should have done. He determined to show them an example of hard work, and one morning he went to the field with them. He was a strong able man, accustomed to hard work, and felt sure that he could walk round them. Each man took a row of cane. G—worked hard, but before he arrived at the end of his row, the "boys" had finished theirs, and turned back on another. He worked harder than ever, but by the time he had got half-way down his row, the Islanders were out at the other end. He gave up then, and acknowledged that a white man was nowhere with them in cane-trashing.

In the second instance a powerful white labourer, who made a point of always running down the employment of niggers to do work which white men could do better than they, was put to work trashing cane with a dozen Polynesians. Before noon he found he could not keep up to them. He attributed this to his not feeling well, so he laid up that afternoon. Next morning he felt quite hearty, and went at his work *con amore*, but again he was left far in the rear. He laboured hard to keep up, but finally gave in, and confessed that, for trashing cane, the Kanaka was the master of the white man. In cutting cane it is the same—the black can always cut faster and better than the white.

Now as to slavery. Those who cry out about the Polynesians being treated as slaves, have never—and I say it advisedly—lived on a plantation and seen the manner in which the Kanakas are treated. I have observed them on a dozen plantations—I have worked them myself, and I do not hesitate to say that the white labourer is a greater slave, that he works harder, fares harder, and has harder times generally than any plantation Kanakas I ever saw. They are treated more as children than as labourers. When they are sick they lie up, and their wages and rations are not stopped. They get their holidays, and their employers often give them a treat. I have seen a sick Kanaka taken into his master's house and nursed till he was well. Their wages are regularly paid. They may sue their employers, if necessary, as I have already shown. They enjoy all the rights of white men. They often marry white women, and generally their lot is a better one than that of the average white labourer. Those whose term of three years has been served have their passage home paid for them, or they may stay in the colony and work for good wages.

It has been said that they have been kidnapped from their homes. If this be the case it is very strange that scores of "boys" used to go to Brisbane on the arrival of the *Lyttona* labour schooner from the Islands, to see the captain, whom they looked upon as their friend. It is still stranger that numbers who returned to the islands laden with presents for their friends chose to re-engage for another term of three years, and returned to the colony in one of the kidnapping vessels. And again it is singular that they all declare that they prefer Queensland work

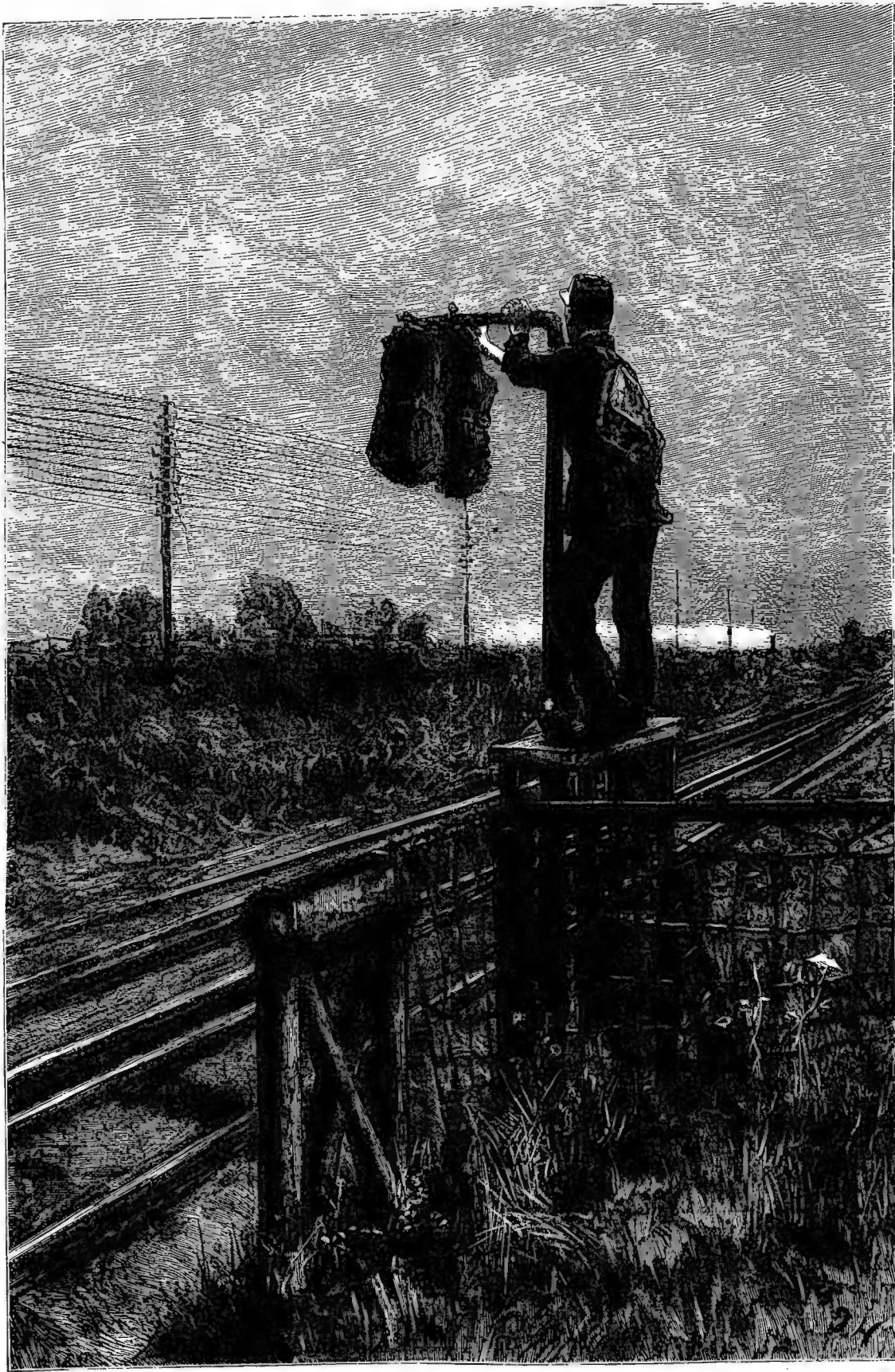
with its reward to Island sloth and poverty. I do not pretend to deny that unscrupulous captains, in the early days of the trade, did adopt unlawful means to obtain labour, but this was principally for Fiji, where the laws were lax which regulated the trade.

There was no need to adopt a system of kidnapping for Queensland—the men were and still are only too eager to come, and, as a rule, when they do go back, they return with comparative wealth to their Island homes.

If the sugar industry is to attain the importance towards which it is advancing with such rapid strides in this colony, it must be by the aid of coloured labour, and why not the Kanaka as well as the Indian coolie?

The practice of employing Kanakas in far-off stations inland should, I maintain, be put down, even made penal. These children of the sea cannot exist away from the sound and sight of the ocean. It is simple cruelty to, as it were, thus expatriate them, especially as there they are beyond the immediate eye of the law. But by all means allow the planters on the coast to employ as many as they please, otherwise sugar-planting must go to the wall in Queensland.

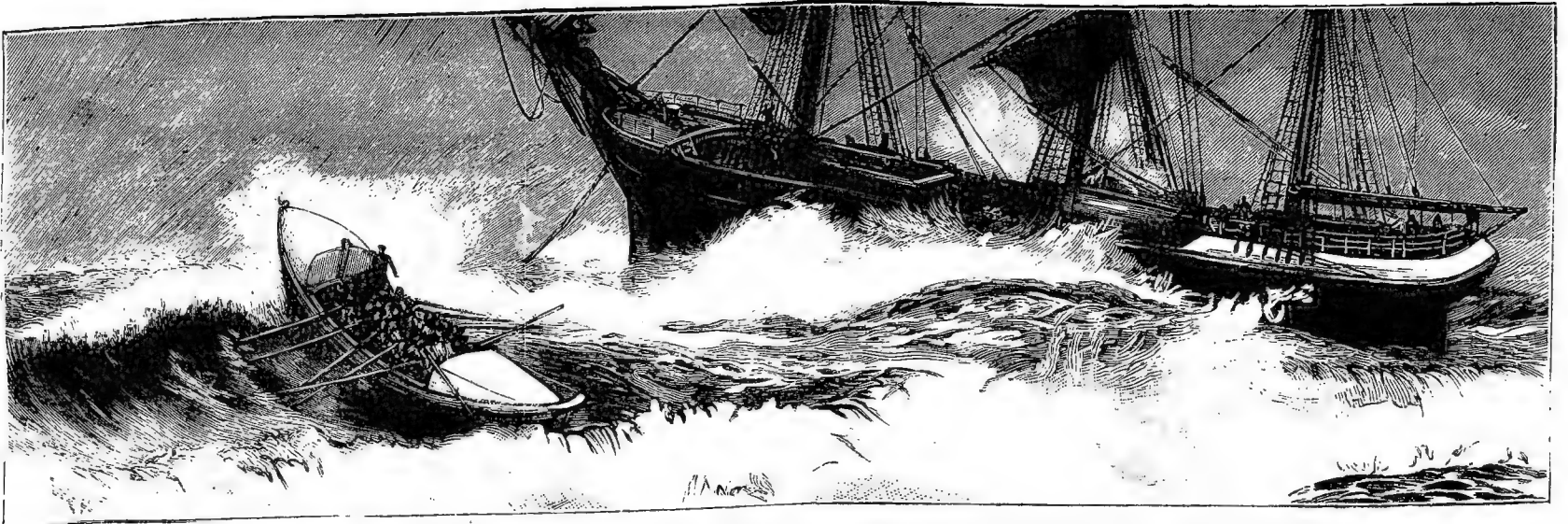
OLD CHUM



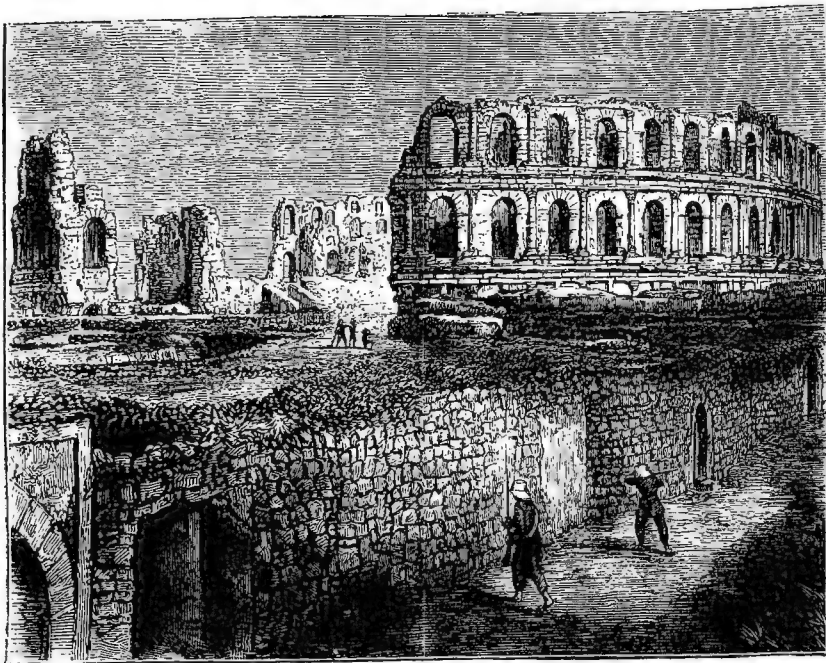
"JUST IN TIME"—HOOKING ON THE MAELS

ghost within a day or two of announcing their suicidal determination. Many people ascribe this to home sickness, but as it occurs to boys who have served out their time, and are at liberty to return home when they please, the statement does not hold good. All I can say about it is, that it is so, but I can assign no reason for it.

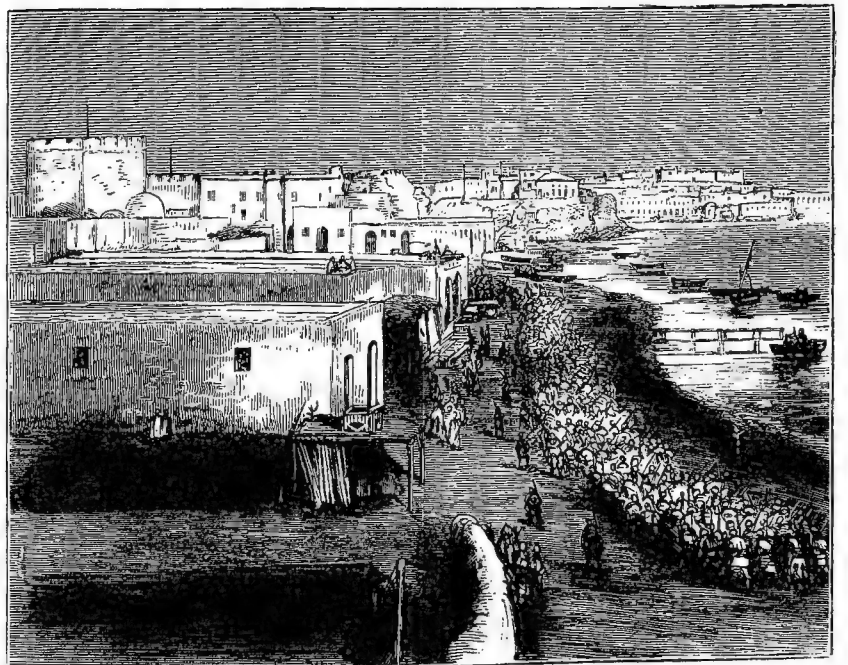
They are great observers of the Sabbath. On large plantations, where numbers of them are employed, they hang up a kerosene-tin, which they call the "missionary bell." At prayer time one of the boys bangs away at this improvised gong, and one of their number, who is a native teacher, prays and holds forth in the approved style of primitive Christians. Of course these proceedings are only indulged in by the missionary boys, or those who hail from the favoured islands where the missionaries have been long firmly established. The heathen tribes spend their Sundays in fishing, shooting, carving "lawyer canes," or sleeping. They also indulge in cards, an accomplishment they have acquired during the trip from the islands to Brisbane in the labour vessels. Their love for fiery is the same as that of all savage nations. At holiday time it is amusing to see the crowd of Islanders who parade the streets of Brisbane. They dress in the most approved white costume, wear



WRECK OF THE "IRON CROWN" AT THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE: ARRIVAL OF THE LIFE-BOAT



AMPHITHEATRE OF EL DJEM, THE "THYSDRUS" OF THE ROMANS



TOWN OF MEHDIA, RECENTLY BELEAGUERED BY THE INSURGENTS



THE FERIK OF TUNIS AWAITING THE ENTRY OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AT THE POSTERN GATE, BAB-EL-ZHADAR ("DOOR OF TRAITORS"), OF THE KASBAH CITADEL, OCT. 12

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS



FRANCE AND TUNIS.—General Saussier and his four columns are continuing their march upon Kairwan, but it now appears that the Holy City is not to be their ultimate goal, as when Kairwan has been taken and occupied the troops are to be marched upon Gafsa, in Southern Tunis. This announcement has not been enthusiastically received by the French, as the district is stated to be essentially unhealthy, while the Tunisians themselves are becoming more and more irritated as one by one the last vestiges of their independence are disappearing. The troops under Ali Bey rose last week in open mutiny, and refused to march upon Zaghouan, which the French authorities had directed him to occupy, but were temporarily pacified by the mediation of the Minister of War. The number of insurgent bands about the country are by no means on the decrease, and, though the advancing columns have not yet met with any formidable opposition, the Arabs show considerable energy in descending upon and devastating insufficiently protected districts. The French, however, are now using strongly repressive measures, and, having caught two Arabs in the act of placing a stone on the railway, promptly executed them, and impaled their heads. The Bey, who has been less his own master than ever since the occupation of the city, and who is finding himself distrusted and despised by his own subjects, is becoming more and more uneasy, and is urging Mustapha to return from Paris, threatening to resign if his formerly trusted confidant be not restored to him. Altogether, to judge from the various correspondents' reports, the troubles in Tunis will by no means come to an end, even with the subjugation of Kairwan.

FRANCE proper has still been discussing the past, present, and prospective actions of the one man of the hour, M. Gambetta. We are writing on the eve of the reopening of the Assembly, and as yet the Ministry have not resigned, nor has M. Gambetta given any outward sign of his intention to take the direction of affairs, unless, indeed, it be his careful abstention from talking politics during his recent visit to Havre. Thus it is expected that, after all, M. Ferry and his colleagues will face the Chamber, and the angry indictment which the Radicals are preparing on the Tunisian Question. A great indignation meeting was held on Sunday in the Cirque Fernando, at which a speech by an ex-diplomatist, Baron de Billing, was the main feature. He was expected to abuse the Government all round, but instead of this he declared that at the commencement of the campaign, both M.M. Grévy and Gambetta condemned the expedition, the whole responsibility of which rests upon the shoulders of M.M. Jules Ferry, St. Hilaire, and De Choiseul, a "Ministère des Ministres Incapables," and of M. Roustan, all of whom have been "guilty of treason to their country, and ought to be called to account." Beyond this and the resumption of the negotiations for the English Treaty of Commerce, there has been no noteworthy political event, as all circles are now waiting for what the opening days of the Assembly will bring forth. In the mean time, M. Gambetta has been making a visit to Havre, which is anxious to increase her harbour and railway accommodation, and, moreover, to become the capital of a new department,—the "Seine Maritime." At present Havre is comprised in the Seine Inférieure, of which the capital is Rouen, and a deadly rivalry rages between the two towns, Rouen wishing to have the river deepened so that vessels may be able to unload at her quays, while Havre wants to secure the whole monopoly of transshipment. Thus M. Gambetta, in going to Havre, was forcibly seized by the Rouen authorities, and made to listen to a long address, while he was warmly fêted at Havre, where the Mayor and his following categorically detailed the wants of their town. M. Gambetta had gone for the purpose of inquiring into them, and made various pretty and vaguely-worded speeches, which were cheered to the echo, and apparently amply satisfied their hearers. M. Gambetta has also visited Quillebeuf and Pontaudemer, where he has been warmly received, and has been duly posted up in the commercial necessities of the inhabitants.

In PARIS there has been little stirring. The marriage of President Grévy's daughter with Mr. Wilson took place on Saturday in the Elysée. The various ceremonies—for there were three, civil, Roman Catholic, and Protestant—were privately performed, few persons having been invited. Amongst the guests, however, was M. Gambetta, who for the second time in his political career was seen to enter a church, the first having been on the occasion of M. Thiers' funeral.—Another noteworthy marriage has been that of Mlle. Schneider, who in old Imperial days used to delight the Paris public with her portrayal of Offenbach's Grande Duchesse. She has now married the Comte de Bionne, and her marriage register revealed a secret concerning which there has been much curiosity. Her age is forty-eight.—The distribution of prizes at the Electrical Exhibition took place on Saturday. Out of 1,750 exhibitors no fewer than 500 were awarded diplomas or medals. England has carried off a Grand Diploma for the Post Office exhibit, eight Diplomas of Honour, two Diplomas of Co-operation (King's College and the Royal Institution), eight gold medals, thirteen silver medals, and fourteen bronze medals.—Theatrical circles are still very quiet. Déjazet's favourite piece, the *Premières Armes de Richelieu*, has been revived at the Gymnase, with Mlle. Granier as the young Duke, and at the Comédie Parisienne a "vaudeville-pantomime," by M. William Busnach, has been produced, entitled *Le Testament de Macfarlane*, of which the antics of the Hanlon-Lees and M. Agoust form the principal features.—The death of General Urich, the heroic defender of Strassburg, was reported, but has since been denied.—Baron James Edward de Rothschild died on Tuesday.

GERMANY.—The electoral campaign is waxing more and more bitter every day, and the most intense party feeling is now displayed. The Conservatives are displaying the most marvellous energy, and apparently are sparing neither trouble nor money to secure success for Prince Bismarck. That the latter will obtain a good working majority is most probable, as his cry of "Economic reform and State Socialism" is having due effect in certain quarters, while the Ultramontanes, thanks to the recent truce between Berlin (or rather Varzin) and the Vatican, will give him their support. The great mass of Liberals, however, are by no means enamoured of Prince Bismarck's Socialistic theories, and shrewdly suspect that State Socialism really means only another form of State despotism. Headed by Professor Mommsen, they accuse the Prince of wishing to curb individual freedom of action, and by his various other propositions,—the abolition of annual Parliaments and budgets for one,—to gather all the reins of power into the hands of a virtual Dictator, so as to completely crush the independence of Parliament and the Communes. Thus war to the knife is being waged in the disputed constituencies, and both sides are displaying the most bitter and vindictive feelings towards each other.—Wednesday was the eighty-first birthday of Field Marshal Von Moltke, and was commemorated in Cologne by the unveiling of a public statue to the veteran strategist.

AUSTRIA AND ITALY.—The visit of King Humbert and his Queen to Vienna has naturally absorbed public attention in both these countries. In Italy, particularly since the French expedition to Tunis, there has been a manifest desire to make up old scores with her Trans-Alpine neighbour, and if possible to secure her alliance in view of certain eventualities. In Austria also there have

not been wanting signs of a desire for a *rapprochement*, as the warm friendship between Germany and Russia is not viewed with unalloyed pleasure, and Austria was by no means unwilling to have on her side an ally upon whose assistance she could count in the hour of difficulty. This last theory has been strengthened by the postponement of the meeting between the Czar and the Emperor Francis Joseph. To the Clericals, however, who form a very powerful party in Austria, this shifting of Royal visitors, and the sudden change of an orthodox sovereign for one whom they regard as a tyrant and spoliator, is most unpalatable, and there are not wanting evil prophets who see in this visit and prospective alliance a possible cause of offence to France. This all classes in Austria are anxious to avoid, and official circles are particularly anxious that the visit should not be construed into a hostile manifestation against the French Government. King Humbert, who is accompanied by Queen Margherita at the especial invitation of the Empress, was to arrive at Vienna on Thursday. Yesterday (Friday) there were to be a grand review, family dinner, and gala performance at the Opera, and the two following days are to be occupied with similar festivities. On Monday the King and Queen would return to their own country, the report that the King would extend his journey to Berlin being now denied.

In conjunction with this meeting there was a grand gathering of Bourbons at Frohsdorf, but at the last moment one of the chief personages concerned, King Francis of Naples, who appears to be possessed of some little tact and delicacy, changed his mind, and has gone to stay with the widowed Empress Maria Anna at Prague.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Success breeds success, particularly in Afghanistan; and Abdurrahman, having defeated Ayoob and occupied Candahar, is now master at Herat, his general, Abdul Kudus Khan, having inflicted a severe defeat upon the Heratis on the 2nd inst. at Shaftan, and on the 4th having entered Herat without any further opposition. Thus, for the present, Abdurrahman is the undisputed Sovereign of the whole of Afghanistan, from Cabul to Herat, Ayoob having fled to Persia, where he is to be interred at some distance from the Afghan frontier; but, in the proverbial uncertainty of Afghan affairs, it is improbable that the Ameer will be allowed to remain in tranquil possession. Already there is a report that the redoubtable Mir Butcha is stirring up the Lughman Khugranis, which tribe, with many others, require but little incentive to raise the standard of revolt. Meanwhile our troops are rapidly evacuating the advanced positions which they have recently held, and on the 21st Chaman was vacated, and occupied by local levies.

In INDIA proper choleraic fever is still raging at Umritsur, where business is at a standstill, and one-tenth of the shops have been closed. The town is described as a "city of the dead," and not a single European is said to have escaped the epidemic.—There has been very little rain in Mysore, and considerable apprehension is accordingly felt for the crops.—The young Gaikwar of Baroda is to be invested on December 28th with great festivities.—The number of persons killed by wild beasts and snakes increased last year to 21,990 from 19,273 in 1879. The largest number of deaths was reported from Bengal, where 10,064 died from snake-bites, and 359 were killed by tigers.

UNITED STATES.—An important manifesto with regard to the Panama Canal has been sent by the President to the Senate in the form of a letter addressed by Secretary Blaine last June to Mr. Lowell, the United States Minister in London. In this the recent proposition of the United States of Colombia that the neutrality of the Canal should be secured by a joint guarantee of the European Powers is vigorously denounced. Mr. Blaine asserts that an ample guarantee is furnished by the Treaty of 1846 between the United States and the United States of Colombia, and declares that this guarantee does not recognise "reinforcement in accession, or assent from any other Power." Thus any movement to supplement this guarantee would be regarded "as an uncalled-for intrusion into a field where the local and general interests of the United States must be considered before those of any other Power, save those of the United States of Colombia." Mr. Blaine repudiates any wish to interfere with foreign enterprise with regard to the Canal, nor does he desire to secure for the United States vessels any special privilege "in time of peace," but he claims a right to exercise all needful precautions in the event of the Canal being used for offensive purposes during war time, and points out that the main traffic would lie between the Eastern and Western ports of the United States, incidentally remarking that the "States of California, Oregon, and the territory of Washington are larger in area than England and France," and that the freight demanding water transportation is augmenting yearly. Thus such a channel of home intercommunication cannot but be regarded as of vital importance, and any attempt on the part of the far-off Old World Powers to effect the political control of a highway of commerce, "remote from them and near to us, would be an extraordinary procedure, and would necessarily be viewed by this Government with the gravest concern." In fact, it would "partake of an alliance against the United States, and would be regarded by this Government as an indication of unfriendly feeling." As a justification of this policy Mr. Blaine quotes the action of the European Powers with regard to the guarantees of such neutral countries as Belgium, Luxemburg, and Switzerland, in which the United States have never offered to take part. What possible interests the United States could have had in Luxemburg and Switzerland Mr. Blaine does not explain, but it is hardly logical to compare them with the great commercial interests which all the maritime countries of the world would commonly possess in such an undertaking as the proposed Canal, which would bring the two great oceans of the globe within a few hours' distance of each other.

The Yorktown celebration closed with a grand military and naval review, during which the British flag was saluted with great and marked ceremony, in compliance with an order from President Arthur, declaring the salute to be "in recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in trust and confidence of peace and goodwill between the two countries for all centuries to come, and especially as a mark of profound respect entertained by the American people for the illustrious Sovereign and gracious Lady who sits upon the British throne."—New York is suffering from a water famine, and the inhabitants have been warned to be as sparing as possible in their use of the precious liquid. Meanwhile in the Western States there have been heavy rains, and the Mississippi has overflowed its banks.—The Irish orators are as energetic as ever, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor is busily stumping the country, but contributions are stated not to be flowing in quite so freely as heretofore.

THE TRANSVAAL.—The Volksraad ratified the Convention with Great Britain on Tuesday by a unanimous vote. No modification whatever had been introduced, but the motion of ratification "relied upon the promise of the British Government to modify the terms of the settlement, if in its working it should be found to be impracticable." Great relief has been expressed in South Africa at this pacific action of the Boers, which was hardly expected until the last moment, and the military preparations had been pushed forward in the event of no settlement being effected before Nov. 3rd, when by the terms of the Convention the sovereignty of the Transvaal would have reverted to the Queen. The Volksraad has also been paying attention to financial matters, and has determined to raise the wind by imposing heavy direct taxes upon all classes of business people, an import duty of 5 per cent., with 33 per cent. added to the value of foreign invoices, and special duties on many specified articles.

NEW ZEALAND.—Serious news comes from the West Coast,

where Te Whiti, the Maori prophet, and his followers have been maintaining an antagonistic attitude to the Government, and opposing the making of roads. An ultimatum has accordingly been addressed to Te Whiti, stating that, unless the offers of land reserves and other conditions of a peaceable settlement be accepted within a fortnight, the offers will be withdrawn and reconsidered. Te Whiti, however, does not appear to be in any way awed by the British threats, and by the last accounts the Maoris are assuming an aggressive front.



THE Queen will return to Windsor about November 19th or 23rd. At present only the Princess Beatrice is with Her Majesty at Balmoral, as Prince Leopold left for the south on Tuesday, and the Queen and the Princess have been taking their accustomed drives, having visited the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe at Abergeeldie Mains, and the Misses Farquharson at Invercauld. On Saturday night the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Susan Suttie, and Sir W. Harcourt dined with Her Majesty, and next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Sir W. Harcourt again joined the Royal party at dinner, and left Balmoral on Monday, his place as Minister in Attendance being taken by Earl Spencer, who with Mr. Charles Peel dined with Her Majesty in the evening.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now in Paris. Before leaving town the Prince spent two days with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park, and on Saturday morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, attended the christening of Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala's infant son at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the child being named Albert Edward Alexander, after the Prince and Princess, who stood sponsors. Later in the evening the Prince and Princess went down to Folkestone, whence they had a rough passage to Boulogne in the *Albert Victor*, and reached Paris early on Sunday morning. Subsequently they attended Divine Service at the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and drove in the Bois, while in the evening they dined with Lord Lyons at the British Embassy, adjourning afterwards to the Electrical Exhibition. On Monday they received some friends to breakfast, and went to the Electrical Exhibition, while in the afternoon they visited M. Grévy, who immediately returned their call, and in the evening they went to the Palais-Royal Theatre. To-night the Prince and Princess dine with the Princesse de Sagan. They leave Paris on Monday, and next day the Princess will go to Sandringham to join her daughters, who are now staying there, and attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's on Sunday. The Prince will follow on Saturday, and as usual will keep his birthday in Norfolk. On the 14th prox. the Prince visits Lord Rendlesham at Woodbridge, and during the following week he will stay with the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. The Prince and Princess's visit to the Marquis of Bath at Longleat House, Wilts, is fixed for December 6th, when the local volunteers will escort them from the station. Warminster is making great preparations for their reception, and will give the parish church a new peal of bells for the occasion, while a large ball will take place at Longleat House on the 9th.—Thursday was the twelfth birthday of the Prince and Princess's youngest daughter, Princess Maud.—Princes Albert Victor and George, with the Detached Squadron, reached Yokohama on the 21st inst.

The Duke of Connaught hunted with the Queen's Buckhounds in the neighbourhood of Windsor on Tuesday.—Prince Leopold arrived in town from Scotland on Wednesday morning.—The Marquis of Lorne's departure for England has been delayed from a double cause—a severe cold from which the Marquis was suffering, and a difficulty concerning the appointment of an administrator during his absence, as General M'Dougall, Commander of the Canadian Forces, is away on leave. The Marquis will start the week after General M'Dougall's return.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is on a pilgrimage to Loretto.—The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are shortly expected on another visit to Europe.



THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE began its Annual Conference on Tuesday at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, when Bishop Ryle, who presided, in his opening address, said that although he was not a politician, yet he was a reader of what went on in the political world, and he observed the speeches of political men on both sides with great regret. To his mind a great deal of the language used by political men appeared inconsistent with the charity which became a Christian. The recent Church census which had been taken in that city was very unsatisfactory. It revealed an evil which they must all seek to remove; yet he believed that if a census were taken of every town and every city, and of every rural parish and of every town parish, it would not be much more satisfactory than that of Liverpool.

THE LIBERATION SOCIETY have just issued a circular announcing their plan of operations for the coming Session. Mr. Peddie, M.P., will have charge of a motion in favour of the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church, which will be sustained by extra-Parliamentary advocacy, both in Scotland and England. Events in the English Church are alleged to be "rapidly preparing the way for its disestablishment also," and every opportunity will be taken of "educating the public mind" on the subject. The Government will be urged to extinguish the remaining State grants for ecclesiastical purposes; and also to harmonise the Burials Act with the Act of last Session, and so close a controversy which no one can wish to prolong. Some special questions in the metropolis relating to charities, churches, and ecclesiastical exactions are to be dealt with, and there is to be an increase in the number of the Society's meetings.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—The new premises of this Association, situate in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, were opened on Wednesday by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The proceedings of the day included a morning service of the Holy Communion in Westminster Abbey; an afternoon service at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, with a sermon by the Rev. Canon Barry; and the evening ceremony at the new Institute, where the Primate in his address dwelt earnestly on the importance of national education being supplemented by religious instruction.

CHURCH WORK IN THE EAST OF LONDON.—On Tuesday the Primate presided at a meeting held in the Mercers' Hall on behalf of the Bishop of St. Alban's Fund, the special purpose of which is to meet the spiritual needs of the extreme East of London, an exceedingly poor district, where thirty mission and parochial curates, Scripture readers, and mission women are already actively engaged. The Marquis of Salisbury, who was the principal

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speaker, commended the fund as an organisation urgently needed, and pointed out that it was the duty of the more favoured parts of the metropolis to aid the good work. He also expressed a hope that the administrators of the Fund would seek to secure more men instead of more buildings. It would be far better in a closely populated district to multiply the services at the churches already existing than to increase the number of buildings. He thought, too, that they might take a lesson from some of the Nonconformists, and consider whether it was needful that every clergyman should be a stationary institution.

FREETHOUGHT AND DOMESTIC PURITY.—The Bishop of Manchester, replying to the letter from Mrs. Besant complaining of his lordship's recent denunciation of secularism as "breaking down the purity of English family life," says, on the authority not only of the clergy, but of laymen who mix with the working classes and know their thoughts, that the sanctities of domestic life are not valued by men who adopt the Atheistic and Secularistic hypothesis. The spreading canker of impurity in all classes of society, of which medical men sadly assure him, is the one thing that alarms him for the future of England, and he feels bound to lift up his voice against the terrible issues. If men's faith in a God and righteousness is destroyed, and they are taught that there is no hereafter and no account to be given of their lives here, the natural and necessary outcome will be to destroy the moral health of life at its root and make purity an impossible virtue.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, in the course of his Visitation Charge, delivered in Bristol Cathedral on Monday, announced that, in accordance with the wish of his clergy, he had decided to revive Decanal Synods for the discussion of Church subjects, which, he hoped, would be the means of making episcopal visitation more useful.

THE REVISED VERSION.—The Bishop of Lincoln, speaking at the Diocesan Conference last week, said that he shrank from the task of criticising the Revised Version of the New Testament. It contained upwards of 36,000 alterations, and was certainly more minutely accurate than the Old Version. This, however, he thought rather a fault and a hindrance than a merit and a help, so far as public reading was concerned. Many alterations, it would seem, had been made for alteration's sake, and, on the whole, he was brought to the conclusion that if the revisers had followed the wise advice and obeyed the judicious instructions they received from the Convocation of the Church which appointed them in 1870, there would have been a far better prospect of their labours being accepted by the Church than now. The Revised Version, he conceived, ought not to supplant the Authorised Version, but be made subsidiary and supplementary to it.

THE BAPTIST UNION is this week holding its annual session at Southampton and Portsmouth, meetings and services being simultaneously carried on in both towns. The new President is Mr. H. Dowson, and amongst the chief speakers was the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who is the guest of Canon Wilberforce, Rector of St. Mary, Southampton.

THE JESUITS.—It is stated that the Very Rev. Peter Galwey, for many years head of the Jesuit Order in Great Britain, has in consequence of ill-health resigned that position, as well as the Rectorship of the headquarters of the Society of Jesus in England, the church in Farm Street, Berkeley Square. Either the Rev. Henry James Coleridge, brother of Lord Coleridge, or the Rev. Father Porter, Rector of the Jesuit House at Manresa, Roehampton, will succeed to the vacancy.



AN UNKNOWN SYMPHONY BY SCHUBERT.—Mr. George Grove's communications to *The Times* regarding the probable existence of a hitherto unknown grand symphony by Schubert must be of serious interest to all lovers of that truly inspired musician's works. The reply of Dr. Pohl, who, as Librarian to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" in Vienna, should know more than he seems to know about it, has in no way disturbed the strong presumptive evidence brought forward by the annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes; nor does Mr. C. A. Barry's conclusion, drawn from an article by Schumann, in the least degree shake it, seeing that until the visit to the Austrian capital, which resulted in a discovery of the great symphony in C major, Schumann only knew upon hearsay that Schubert had left seven or eight symphonies in MS. So that, after all, there is a chance that the missing Gastein Symphony may still turn up, and Mr. Grove is a very unlikely man to stop short after having already gone so far in his researches. Supposing ("happy thought!") that the work in question should be the Symphony in B minor, of which only two movements have been found? That is by no means impossible; for it seems strange that a work of such magnificent promise should have been left unfinished by the most untiring and apparently inexhaustible of composers. If not the B minor, might it not be the E major, of which, for the most part, the outline is only known to us? Schubert may have completed it, if only the score could be hit upon in some obscure "nook or corner." Mendelssohn once dreamt of filling up and instrumenting this symphony for the orchestra; and so did Dr. Arthur Sullivan; but the dream of the former was never, while that of the latter has little chance of being realised. So much the worse. At the same time, if Mr. Grove (who unearthed for us *Rosalinde*, and so many other things that have raised Schubert higher and higher in public estimation), or any one else as much in love with the subject as himself, should succeed in bringing to light a work that must surely count as an inestimable treasure, the artistic world, and the musical world especially, would be deeply indebted.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—The Worcester Musical Festival has resulted in an inconsiderable deficit, to supply which the stewards (guarantors) will be called upon for ten shillings each. It is necessary to correct an error which obtains some currency. The donations are exclusively given to the charity in aid of which the meetings of the Three Choirs were originally instituted, and the stewards who (in Gloucester at least) are privileged with free admissions to all the performances, sacred and secular, in the Cathedral and in the concert-room, have nothing whatever to do with them. The stewards do not absolutely subscribe five guineas each towards the expenses (as some imagine), but merely hold themselves responsible for that sum, in case of emergency. Times are changed since they only numbered a few influential persons. Now they muster in very large numbers, so that if the Festival should be ever so unremunerative in a pecuniary sense, they would not have to open their purses very wide. Mr. Caldecott, of Worcester, by the way, has abandoned all claim to recompense for expenses incurred in the preparations necessary to the production of his highly-successful cantata, *The Widow of Nain*.

WATTS.—Madame Jenny Lind and her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the able and learned conductor of the "Bach Society," have been passing some weeks at Malvern.—Madame Albani is engaged for a series of performances at the Royal Opera of Berlin, in December next.—Mr. Carl Rosa's operatic company is pursuing its course in the "provinces" with the accustomed success. It is reported that Mr. Rosa contemplates making his London season at

Her Majesty's Theatre in a great measure "Wagnerian;" so that, what with Herr Richter's performances of *Tristan und Isolde*, the *Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, &c., at Drury Lane, and the contemplated *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's, to say nothing of the "Richter Concerts" at St. James's Hall in the spring and summer, the ears of the public will be sufficiently attuned to the Wagnerian *melos*, and perhaps he will be able to make something out of it. If English amateurs then decline being converted to the true faith, it can only be attributed to deaf and reasonless obstinacy.—The expected production of Anton Rubinstein's opera *Nero*, at Pesth, is postponed.—An English "buffo-opera" company is about to give performances at the Teatro Salvini, in Venice.—Mr. Gye's tenor, Signor Gayarre, is engaged for the winter at the Scala in Milan, where the statues of Bellini and Verdi are soon to be placed on their appointed pedestals.

DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. SYDNEY COOPER'S PICTURE, "THE MONARCH OF THE MEADOWS"

SOME years have passed since the famous picture by Gainsborough so strangely disappeared from the hands of its owner, and now another disappearance of a most valuable picture bids fair to rival it. This time it is the famous Bull of Mr. Sidney Cooper which has been stolen. Six weeks have gone since the loss was discovered without at present any clue being found to the mystery.

The picture was the property of Mr. John Derby Allcroft, and among his fine collection of pictures this was the gem. The house was under repair at the time, and but for its size this picture would have been put out of harm's way. As it was, however, it had been moved into a room by itself on the first landing, and covered over. The workmen who left the house every evening at six o'clock were surprised on going upstairs at six o'clock on the morning in question, the 14th of September, by finding fire issuing from the door of the room referred to, and on rushing in they found the room in flames, and nothing remaining of the picture save the partially burnt frame, and a portion of the lining.

On examination the marks of a knife were traced round the edges of the canvas, following a rugged course as though made in great haste. The first impression naturally conveyed was that the picture



had been cut out and the frame fired in order to remove evidence of the theft, and subsequent investigations confirm this, the room having evidently been set fire to in three distinct places, and the drippings of candle grease being found on the frame. It is thought that the theft must have been carefully planned, and that several were concerned in it. The only wonder is that the whole house with its valuable contents was not destroyed, as it is, not only was the room which contained the picture greatly damaged by the fire, the floor being burnt through, but the drawing-room adjoining suffered considerably, all the valuable pieces of sculpture it contained being ruined through the dense smoke, making it evident that the fire had been smouldering many hours. Notwithstanding a large reward offered by Mr. Allcroft, and every effort on the part of the police authorities, the thieves have as yet escaped detection, but in the interest alike of lovers of art and of householders, it is to be hoped that so diabolical an act as that of setting fire to a London house, for the sake of plunder, may not pass without the speedy apprehension and conviction of the culprit.

The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1873, but the finishing touches to it were added in Mr. Allcroft's own house, and all who remember the picture testify to its having been the very best ever produced by our veteran cattle painter.

The figure of the bull was life size, the canvas measuring 9 feet by 7 feet.

Our engraving is from a sketch made from memory by Mr. Cooper himself since the fire.



THE WILBERFORCE CASE.—After four days' hearing, followed by much hesitation on the part of the jury, the person calling herself Mabel Wilberforce has been convicted of perjury, and sentenced to nine months' hard labour. She, however, protested her innocence to the last, declaring, in spite of the judge's protestations to the contrary, that she had been denied an opportunity of collecting evidence which would have told in her favour. Apart from the merits of the case, it is not pleasant to reflect that the firmly-expressed resolution of the jury not to agree was broken down by detention for two hours without refreshment, and one cannot help feeling curious as to the nature of the mysterious written proposition made by the prisoner to the judge, and by him handed to the prosecuting counsel, who seems to have rejected it; and also as to the explanation of the fact that no counsel appeared for the defendant, an explanation with which his lordship declared himself satisfied, although he remarked that he would have been glad if she had had legal assistance.

"TASTING ORDERS."—The refreshment contractor at the Agricultural Hall, who pays 1,000*l.* a year for his business right, very naturally objects to the fashion started by the stall-keepers at the recent Dairy Show, and continued at the Brewers' Exhibition, of supplying sample drinks without charge. He has therefore commenced an action against the company for permitting the practice, in reply to which they allege acquiescence on former occasions, which however he denies. The case is still pending, and Mr. Justice Cave has declined to grant an interim injunction restraining the defendants, who will however be held answerable for damages should the decision go against them.

THE NORTH LONDON ROUGHS, who have for months past been such a nuisance to peaceable wayfarers, will now, it is to be hoped, turn their attention to some less offensive pastime. Five of them who were concerned in the recent brutal attack upon a mission-hall keeper have been convicted, and sentenced to hard labour for varying periods of eight, six, and three months; whilst two others, who broke down a wall at Highgate and assaulted the owner of the place, got two months and one month respectively.

THE DANGER OF CARRYING FIREARMS, to which we have more than once called attention, is exemplified anew by almost daily disasters resulting from their use. Four fresh instances are reported this week. First, the death of the lad Downward, at Camberwell, from the wound accidentally inflicted on him some days before by a playmate; secondly, the case of a drunken fellow who has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for threatening a woman with a revolver; the third, the prosecution of a woman named Dyson for pointing a pistol at her employer, one Mr. Parr, against whom it appears she had a strong ground of complaint; and the fourth, the case of John Kelly, who has been committed for trial for shooting at a woman with whom he had quarrelled because she resented his pushing against her in a public-house. The ball grazed her cheek and wounded the landlord in the side.

A DEFECT IN THE LAW exists, or is supposed to exist, by Essex magistrates, who the other day declared that no legal cognisance could be taken of a theft of a large quantity of growing grapes cut from the vine. The trio of thieves would thus have got off scot free had they not been foolish enough to steal the scissors which they had used to cut the fruit, for which offence they were all sent to prison.

ANOTHER CURIOUS LEGAL POINT is that which exempts a "ferocious" horse from magisterial jurisdiction. The owner of a known ferocious dog may be summoned for any mischief the animal may work; but if a horse goes upon the rampage, the proprietor can only be reached by a civil action in the County Court.

GRATUITIES TO CONVICTS.—The other day a man who had been liberated on a ticket-of-leave applied to the Southwark police magistrate for assistance, declaring that he was in great distress, owing to the non-payment of 2*l.* 10*s.* which was due to him, but which he could not get until twenty-eight days after his release. Mr. Bridge gave him some money from the poor-box, and suggested that some change should be made in the prison rules.

THE BITER BIT.—The other day two practitioners of the often-exposed "confidence" trick were arrested at the East End of London by a plain-clothes constable whom they had, unfortunately for themselves, selected as a likely victim, but who, after taking refreshment at their invitation, and listening to enough of their patter to make out a "case," seized them both, and, with the aid of a brother constable in uniform, took them off to a magistrate, who committed them for trial.

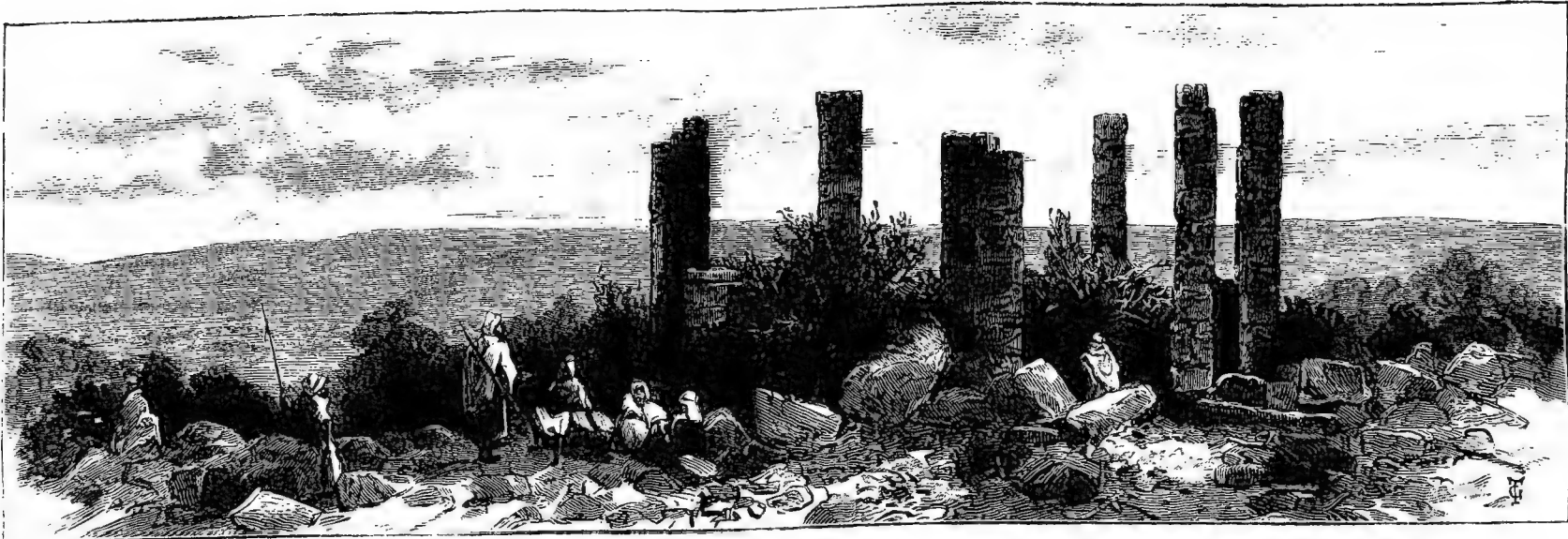
STREET LOTTERIES, which in most cases are conducted on the principle of an unlimited number of blanks and very few prizes, are now attracting the attention of the metropolitan police. Mr. Balguy, the Greenwich magistrate, has had before him three cases within a week. Two of the offenders escaped with a fine, but the unlucky third was sent to prison for a month.



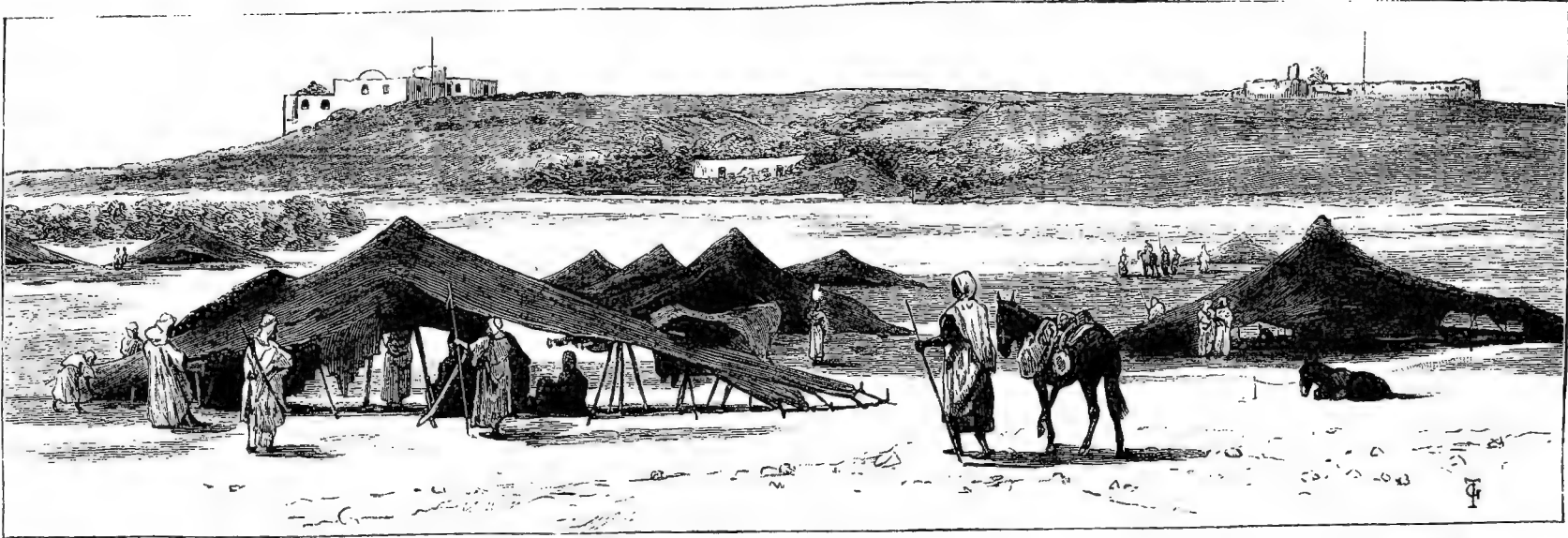
THE TURF.—In all departments of our sports and pastimes "beating the record" seems to be strongly in vogue. In cricket, in rowing, in running, in athletics proper, the record is constantly being beaten, and now, by the victory of Foxhall in the Cambridgeshire, it has come so to pass in horse-racing. The American horse, as a three-year-old, carrying 9 st., has done what no three-year-old has done in this race before, and, indeed, what no previous winner of any age has done. The highest weight ever before carried successfully by a three-year-old was the 8 st. 4 lbs. of *Jongleur* in 1877, though *Blue Gown's* second to *See-Saw* in 1868, with 9 st. on his back, was really a better performance. Foxhall, too, has effected what has only been effected once before, viz., the double event of the *Cesarewitch* and the *Cambridgeshire*, *Rosebery*, in 1876, being the hero of this performance. When we look at the weight that Foxhall gave to certain good animals in the race, for instance, 2 st. 8 lbs. to *Lucy Glitters*, who ran second, 19 lbs. to *Tristan*, who ran third, a year to *Petronel*, a year and 4 lbs. to *Prestonpans*, and so forth, and the fact that *Bend Or*, our confessed champion, hardly gave him weight for age, there is no escaping the conclusion that, at the present moment, Foxhall is far and away the best racehorse in the world, and many pounds ahead of his compatriot *Iroquois*, who has taken our *Derby* and *Leger*. American sportsmen are heartily to be congratulated on the perseverance, skill, and liberality shown in the endeavour to "beat us at our own game," and in its successful issue. It is said that the gentleman who is now well-known as the "American plunger," netted 32,000*l.* over Foxhall on Tuesday, and that with his winnings accruing from his patriotic backing of *Iroquois* on the *Derby* and *Leger*, and Foxhall a fortnight ago in the *Cesarewitch*, he has now 75,000*l.* in his pockets or at his bankers'. He was to have sailed this week for America, but has forfeited his passage in order to see out the racing season—how much of the 75,000*l.* will he drop before he takes his leave of the English Turf? It is an old saying at the gambling tables, "The losers must go, and the winners won't go;" and so it comes to pass that the latter, in nine cases out of ten, lose back all or the greater part of their winnings. Pressure on our space prevents us dwelling on the various events of the Newmarket week, but perhaps we shall recur to some of them next week, as they are full of interest.

AQUATICS.—Both at Oxford and Cambridge, the crews for the *Fours* are in full practice, no less than eight boats being likely to take part in the forthcoming contest on the Cam. First Trinity and Jesus seem to be most fancied. At Oxford, A. R. Paterson of Trinity has been elected President of the O.U.B.C.; H. Buck of Hertford, Secretary; and W. L. Courtney, of New, Treasurer.—From Australia details of the race for the Sculling Championship have come to hand. The odds at starting were 2 to 1 on Laycock, but as the race progressed they veered round to 2 to 1 on Rush, and gradually increased as it was seen the latter had the race in hand; Laycock showed pretty good form in the earlier part of the race, but Rush won easily enough. We learn from Sydney that Laycock has derived consolation for his defeat by winning the chief prize in the "Walker Whisky" Regatta (a kind of "Hop Bitters" business, we suppose), on the Paramatta River.—Rowing as an athletic sport seems to be making progress on the Continent, especially in Austria, where it has been much encouraged by the prizes given at various regattas by the proprietors of a contemporary, the *Allgemeine Sport-Zeitung*. Next season it is said that English crews will be invited to take part in some Austrian Regattas; and it is not impossible that a Vienna crew will be seen on some of our aquatic courses.—It is likely also that a Hilsdale (Michigan) crew will be sent to Henley.

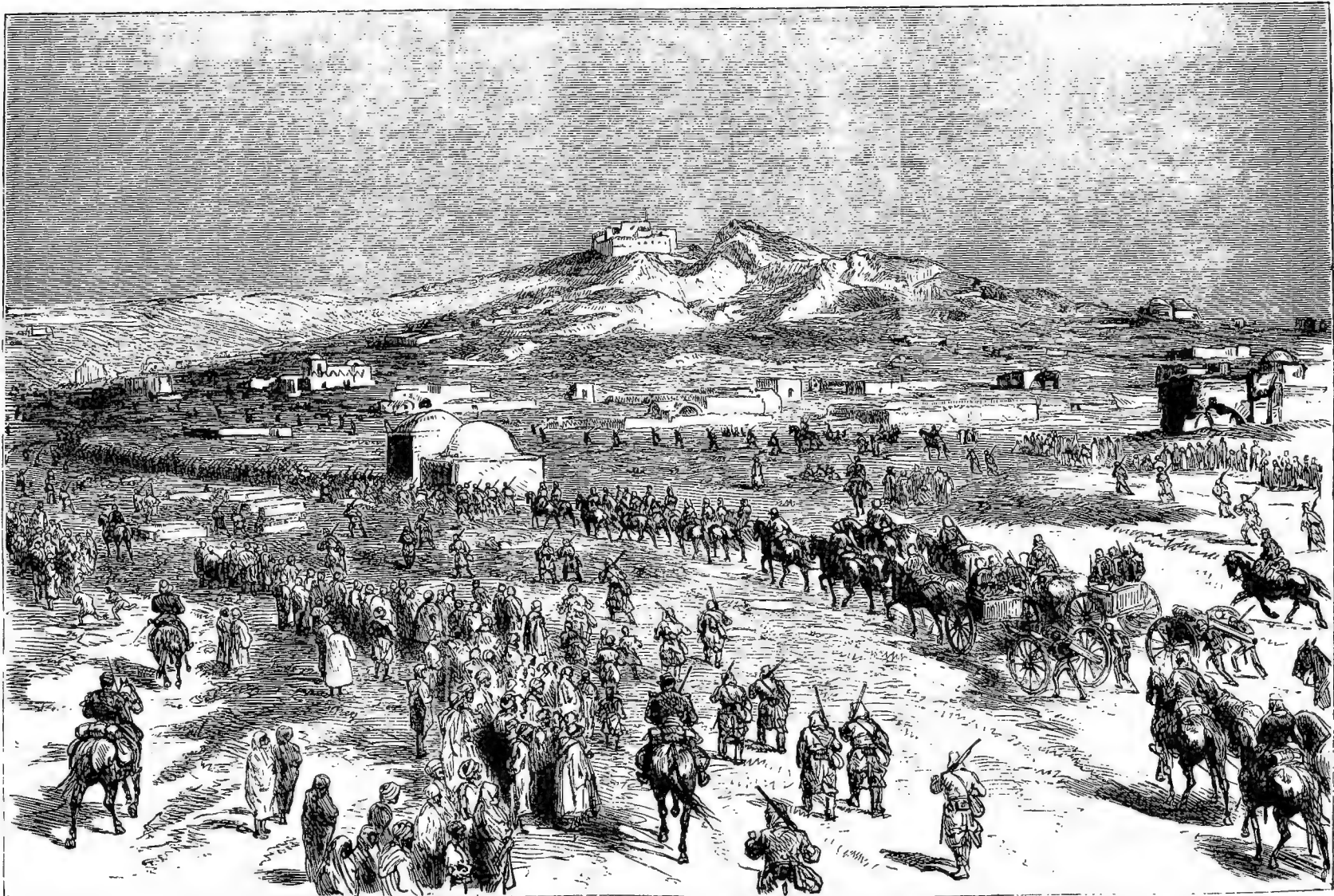
BICYCLING.—The annual Fifty Miles' Amateur Bicycle Race for the *Sporting Life* Challenge Cup, was won on Saturday last at



RUINS OF AIN TONGA, OCCUPIED BY THE INSURGENTS DURING THEIR ATTACK UPON ALI BEY

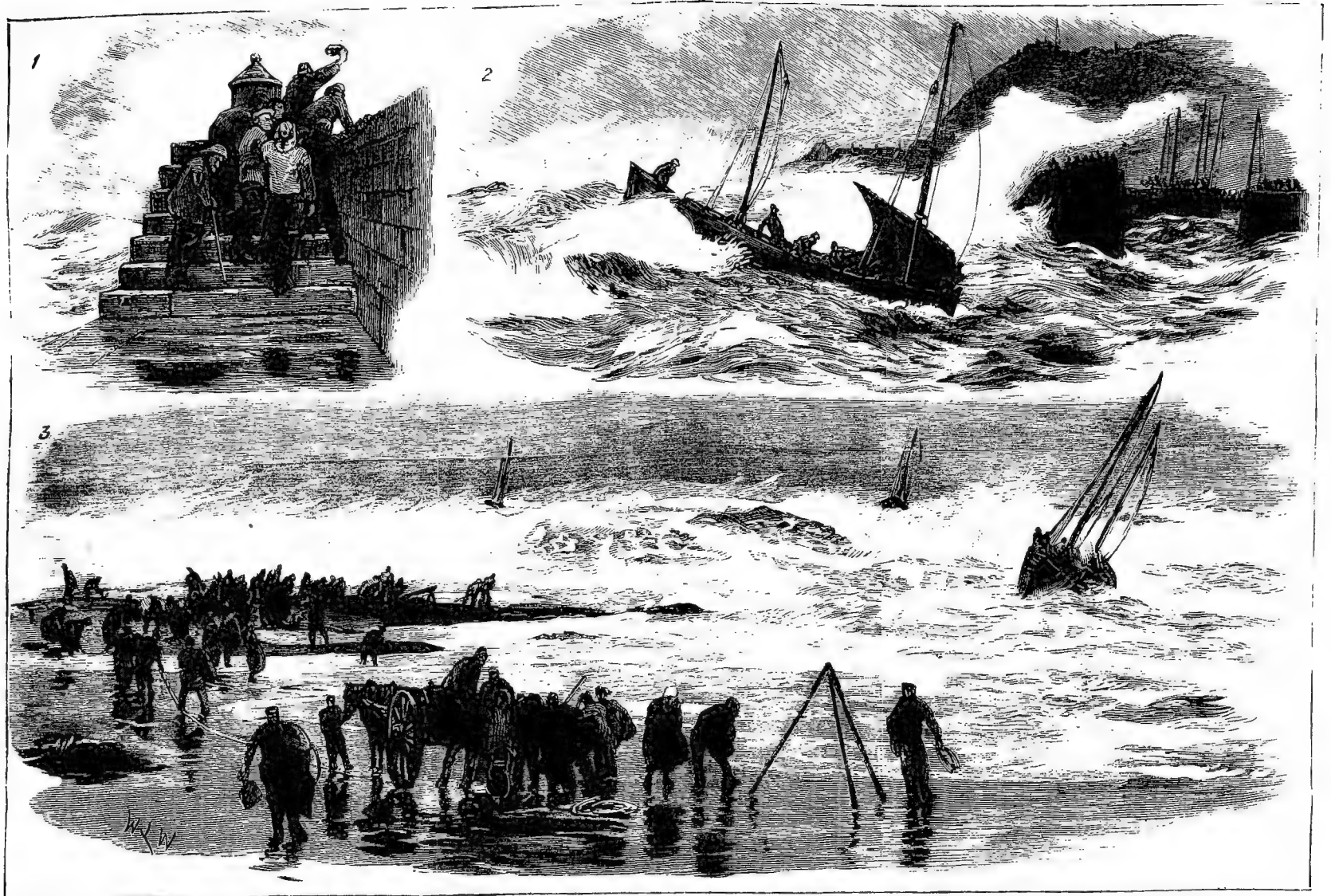


FORTS FILKA AND EL REBTA UNDER THE WALLS OF TUNIS, OCCUPIED BY FRENCH AND ARAB REFUGEES, AND SUBSEQUENTLY BY THE FRENCH TROOPS, OCT. 12



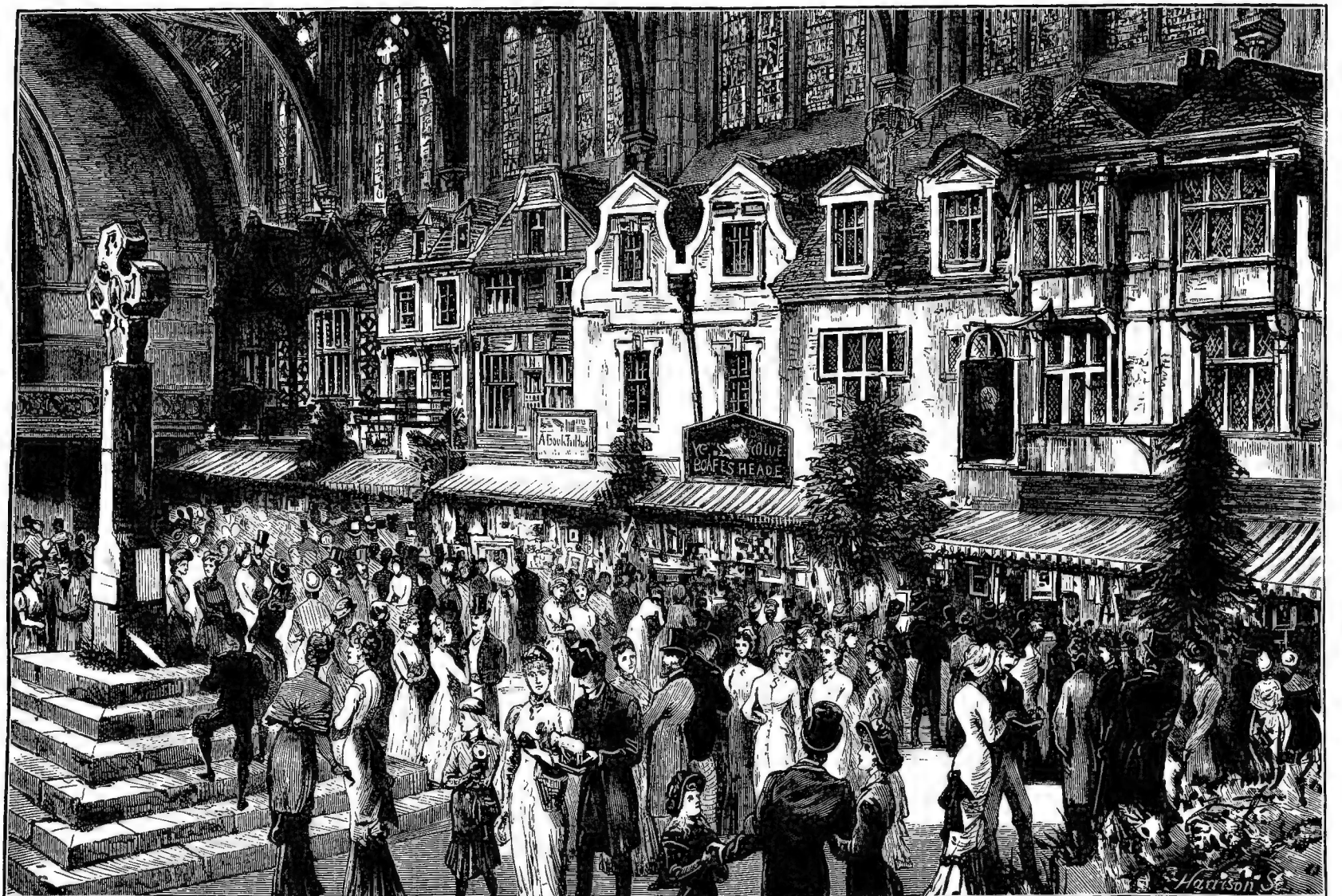
FORT SIDI BIL HASSAN, COMMANDING TUNIS, OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH TROOPS OCT. 12

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS



1. At the Pier Head : Fishermen Directing Eyemouth Fishing Boats into Harbour.—2. An Eyemouth Fishing Boat Entering the Harbour.—3. Fishing Boats Driven Ashore : The Life Brigade at Work.

THE RECENT GREAT GALES—SKETCHES FROM BURNMOUTH, BERWICKSHIRE



OLD ENGLISH FAIR IN THE GUILDHALL, PLYMOUTH, IN AID OF THE NEW HOSPITAL

Lillie Bridge by C. E. Liles, of the Temple B. C. There were thirteen starters, but only the winner was left going at the end of the forty-two miles, which distance he accomplished in 3 hours 1 min. 56 sec. It may perhaps be well to remind some of our readers that this race now stands as it were on its own footing, and has no connection with the Amateur Bicycling Championships which are contested annually under the auspices of the Bicycle Union. Once more Keen and De Civry, first-class representatives of the professional bicycling talent of England and France, have met to contest a twenty miles' race, which took place on Monday last at Surbiton. In one sense the contest was a disappointment, as the Frenchman, who was suffering from a severe cold, gave up in the first mile. Keen, however, rode on to gain the gold medal offered for "beating record." His performance was excellent, for, though not equalling the record of Mr. Cortis, he beat the best professional record from eleven miles to twenty, except for the fourteenth mile. His time for the twenty miles was 1 hour, 4 min., 17 sec.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A very interesting walking match between William Raby, of Yorkshire (till recently an amateur), and the well-known professional, Arthur Hancock, of London, created a good deal of interest at Lillie Bridge last Monday. The distance was eight miles, and the race resulted in an easy victory for the ex-amateur, Hancock giving up at 5 1/4 miles, when he was about 460 yards behind. The winner completed the distance in 1 hour 1 min. 40 sec., and is now open to walk any man in the world "from one mile up to three hours." H. Thatcher has accepted the challenge on certain conditions.—The famous American "Ped," E. P. Weston, who is lecturing on "The Advantages of the Practice of Temperance," states that he has during the last fourteen years walked some 56,000 miles, or a distance equal to twice the circumference of our globe, and holds that his constitution has been wonderfully improved by this exercise combined with temperance.

GOLF.—The annual professional competition in connection with the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, held on the St. Andrew's Links, has resulted in the victory of David Ayton, of St. Andrew's, Bob Fergusson, who recently won the Amateur and Professional (combined) Championship, being second.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A considerable amount of international interest attended the match between Dr. Carver, the famous American marksman, and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, one of our best English shots. The conditions were 50 birds each, at 30 yards rise, and the stakes were £50 a-side. When ten rounds had been shot the contestants were level, but after that Dr. Carver drew ahead, and eventually won by nine birds, his score being 43 out of 50, to his antagonist's 34.

ANGLING.—A novel competition among anglers in the way of bait and fly casting—not for fish, but for prizes—was held in the grounds of the Welsh Harp, Hendon, on Saturday. The tournament was organised by Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of that excellent angling paper, the *Fishing Gazette*, and the judges of the bait and fly throwing were Mr. J. P. Wheeldon, who is equally proficient in the use of the rod and the pen, and Mr. A. G. Jardine, the prince of modern anglers. The experiment was a great success, in spite of the wretched wind and rain, and no doubt these artistic competitions will become as popular among anglers here as we understand they are among their brethren in America.—Lovers of angling literature will welcome a little volume on this subject by Osmund Lambert, recently published by Sampson Low and Co. It does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is full of most interesting information, and very prettily printed and got up in the Old English style in parchment covers.



LOCAL TAXATION.—Mr. Gladstone will almost certainly be called upon next Session to make good his words: "It is the duty of Parliament to examine upon a large scale what is the best mode of giving real property that aid which it was once accustomed to receive from personal property." As things stand at present, rating areas are restricted where fairness requires them to be extended, and extended where fairness requires them to be restricted. On the one hand, the farmer has to pay for roads which are a benefit to the whole nation, and on the other, for sewerage, water-supply, and street-lighting, which are of advantage only to villages or small towns, situated generally at a considerable distance from his farm. The dealing with these inequitable charges is most strongly to be desired, and should not be postponed for any other matter.

THE POOR LAW costs us 8,000,000l. a year. We are, therefore, at twenty years' purchase, 160,000,000l. poorer than the foreign

countries which have no such burden to sustain. In connection with this subject, while refraining from committing ourselves to Mr. Blackley's Scheme of Compulsory Insurance, we must in fairness state that that gentleman has carried his resolution at every meeting he has addressed, and has won the support of several Chambers of Agriculture; he has also had the warmest possible reception from the Social Science Congress. The country Members of Parliament are likely to press the subject next Session, for it is in the rural districts that the burden of the Poor Law is felt most heavily.

THE FIRST WORK OF NEXT SESSION should be to make the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875 compulsory. Such appears to be the growing opinion among agricultural members on both sides of the House of Commons. The equity of the case is undoubted, while as to the wording and the carrying out the Act, these, after all, are matters for lawyers and for officials respectively. With the Poor Law question and the general question of the incidence of local taxation, in addition to the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Parliament of 1882 is likely to have its hands sufficiently full of agricultural matters.

RURAL POPULATION.—Although the country population of France is 52 per cent. of the whole, while the country population of England is 45 per cent. only, the downward movement is the same in both countries. The difficulty of procuring agricultural labourers in many parts of France owing to the greater attractiveness of the towns has resulted in hundreds of acres of land lying waste for want of hands to labour. The vineyards are suffering from want of gatherers of the ripe grapes, and altogether French agriculture cannot be said to be in a flourishing condition just now. Even amongst those who stay in the country there is a heartlessness and a discontent which is very discouraging. The simple delights of a country life are losing their charm for a people once the most agricultural in the world.

THE HON. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—The speech which the Member for Surrey delivered at Epsom the other day was full of sound practical advice. Cheap transit for English farmers' produce was dwelt upon as a most important matter. The need of making the highways an Imperial charge was also put before the audience, and the present cost of School Board Education was strongly condemned. As regards tariff reform the hon. member said he could not vote for any duty on corn which would materially increase the price of the quarter loaf. A small duty he should not oppose, only he should want to see that the money thereby raised went directly to the relief of the agricultural interest.

A ROYAL COMMISSIONER ON AGRICULTURE.—Mr. Stratton recently said at a public meeting that agriculture in England had sunk into a truly deplorable condition. If in the West of England there were less outward evidences of it than elsewhere, that was principally through the wisdom of the landlords in coming forward to assist their tenants when in difficulties. The landlords in that part of the country had done their duty nobly. Mr. Stratton hoped many changes would be made which would raise the position of the agriculturists. The question of rent was one which could only be settled between the tenants and the landlords. Rents must be adjusted to the exigencies of the times, but not rents only; even more than that must farmers demand a re-adjustment of taxation.

AN ESTATE in the Lake District has just been sold for 6,000l. above the price at which in the auction its possessor had been prepared to let it go. If land in general is declining in value there is still money in the country sufficient to cause high prices to prevail for any specially attractive spot. A recent sale of 4,000 acres in Wales would almost lead us to believe that the depression is diminishing in the case of purely agricultural land. Thirty-one years' purchase on the rental under existing leases is very fair as things go. Two very fine estates in the Highlands of Scotland have just changed hands, the one for 30,000l., the other for 37,000l. In each case the seller is considered to have done moderately well.

FANCY FARMING.—A large landed proprietor in Gloucestershire has just planted thirteen acres with gooseberry and currant bushes, eleven acres with strawberries, and thirty-five acres with plums, while over 200 acres have been set round by iron and wire fencing, and made into a rabbit warren. By these means the fortune which has of late been adverse to agriculture is presumably expected to be won to a more favourable regard.

FIRE.—Serious fires have recently occurred in different country districts. A village in Dorset has been nearly destroyed, and seventy persons rendered homeless. A similar calamity has occurred at Thaxted in Essex, and on Thursday week a very bad farm fire happened at Thruxington, in Leicestershire. The fire raged for five hours, consuming a large amount of farm produce, and burning down two cottages. In connection with these calamities we have to reiterate our statement that the country districts of England are in nine cases out of ten scandalously ill-supplied with water. Even where considerable rivers are close, the simplest appliances are frequently lacking. Health and safety alike are imperilled by

insufficiency and unhandiness of water supply. We may here mention that the Rev. G. E. Symonds, Vicar of Thaxted, appeals for aid to that parish, where eighteen cottages, uninsured, have been burnt down, and twenty-nine families left helpless.

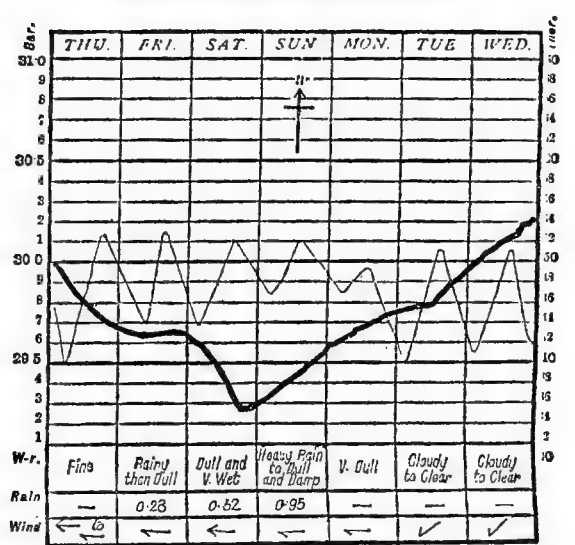
IT IS STILL THE VACATION, yet the big gooseberry and the sea serpent and the Church Stretton ghost have already given in. Happily there remains to the popular paragraphist the big potato. Mr. Gladstone was the first to connect big potatoes with reviving prosperity, and Mr. Gladstone never lacks followers. The 21-ounce tuber commemorated at Leeds has been eclipsed by a 27-ounce potato from Sandy. This has had in turn to give way to a 40-ounce leviathan recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

HYACINTHS.—Before October leaves us we would remind our readers that the purchasing of bulbs should not be delayed if they want a good show early in the new year. Dismal as are November and December in England, it is not till January that the strain of winter begins really to tell on us. It is just then, when everything is at its gloomiest, that hyacinths, with all their glory of colours and pleasure of scent, are most welcome. They may be grown equally well in glasses and in pots, but they should not be put too near the window in cold weather, and flower-boxes should be eschewed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lady Johnson, of St. Osyth Priory, Essex, has laid the corner stone of the first villa of a proposed new town to be called New Walton. This new town is to be erected in a very expensive and tasteful manner, and constitutes a very large enterprise. The success of Eastbourne has probably inspired the attempt.—The *Sussex Express* states that at Dorking the child of a Mr. Gilliam has had part of one of her fingers bitten off by a rabbit. We hope this report, so greatly to the discredit of a most innocent animal and frequent pet, will prove to be unauthenticated. —This season's sales of pure-bred cattle at Aberdeen have been unusually successful.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCT. 20 TO OCT. 26 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been of a somewhat varied character; on Thursday last (20th inst.) it was fine, on Friday and Saturday (21st and 22nd inst.) dull and very rainy, on Sunday and Monday (23rd and 24th inst.) dull and damp, and on Tuesday and Wednesday (25th and 26th inst.) finer again. The distribution of pressure has been pretty much the same throughout the week, the barometer being highest over Scandinavia and the northern part of the German Ocean, while a depression has lain off the south-west coast of Ireland. With these conditions the weather in our neighbourhood is not, as a rule, very disturbed, but on more than one occasion during the past week small secondary disturbances have advanced from the main area of low pressure over France and the western part of the Channel, causing the heavy rain to which reference has been made, and a considerable freshening of the easterly wind. On Saturday (22nd inst.) there was quite a gale at times. The continued prevalence of an easterly current has, of course, kept temperature rather low for the time of year, and on no occasion has the thermometer exceeded 53°, while on Monday (24th inst.) the maximum was only 49°. No night frosts have, however, occurred. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (26th inst.); lowest (29.29 inches) on Saturday (22nd inst.); range, 0.91 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (53°) on Thursday and Friday (20th and 21st inst.); lowest (40°) on Thursday (20th inst.) and Tuesday (25th inst.); range, 13°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 1.75 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.95 inches, on Sunday (23rd inst.).

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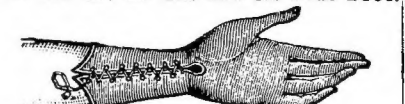
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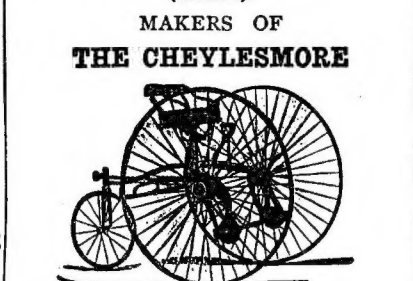
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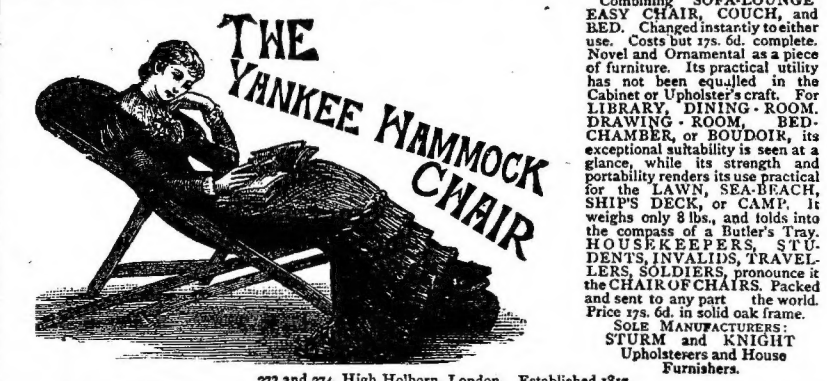
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